PLUCK AND LUCK

STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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THE WHITE WIZARD OF THE BOWERY; OR, THE BOY SLAVES OF NEW-YORK.

By ALLYN DRAPER.

AND OTHER STORIES

Quick as lightning Six gave him a left hander across the mouth. "Dry up, now, or I'll paste you in the eye, too!" he hissed. "No, don't!" said a voice above them. "Keep still dat racket or you'll lose your grip."

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The White Wizard of the Bowery

OR, THE BOY SLAVES OF NEW YORK

By ALLYN DRAPER

CHAPTER I.—A Strange Beginning.

"Is he alive?"

"No; dead."

"God help my poor father! Is it so?"

"It is. Young man, keep calm."

"It is enforced calmness—a dangerous sort. Cheer up! There will be brighter days."

Thus the doctor in charge of the accident pavilion at Bellevue Hospital in the City of New York. The doctor did not care. This was stock talk with him. He used such expressions of sympathy every day in the week. But with young Will Spencer, who had called that bright September morning to inquire about his father, the case was different. No boy ever had a kinder parent than Edward Spencer had been to Will. Dead! Will Spencer was in deep despair.

"When did he die, doctor?"

"At an early hour this morning."

"Oh, why was I not with him? Why? The thought is maddening!"

"Don't reproach yourself. It is not your fault, since the rules of the hospital will not allow it, for you tried to stay and were refused."

"Oh, but to think of his dying alone—uncared for! It is terrible—terrible!"

"Not alone, not uncared for. I was with him. His last words were of you."

"Of me! Dear father!"

Will was weeping now.

"Yes. He gave me this paper for you. I presume it contains his last instructions."

"Give it to me—quick!"

The doctor drew from his posket a folded sheet of common writing paper, and placed it in Will Spencer's hand.

"There it is, young man," he said.

"Thank you, doctor. How can I ever repay your kindness——"

"Doctor—Doctor Wryson! Here a minute, please!"

The call came from the doctor's superior at the other end of the ward. Without a word Dr. Wryson hurried off. A very peculiar happening was the result of the sudden move. Evidently Dr. Wryson had taken two papers from his pocket instead of only the one intended. Paper No. 1 went into Will Spencer's hand, paper No. 2 fell on the floor as the doctor rushed away. With every intention of restoring it to Dr. Wryson, Will picked up this second paper. It was partly open—his eyes rested on the writing.

"What—what is this?" he murmured. "A trick! Is he playing it on me?"

He looked at the first paper. Then at the second. When Will Spencer left Bellevue both papers went with him. He took care to avoid Dr. Wryson. It would have suited him perfectly never to set eyes on the man again. Leaving Bellevue Will Spencer hurried over to Third avenue, called a passing cab and was whisked away uptown.

"I must see Ina," he murmured. "Her head is clearer than mine—always was—always will be. She will advise me just what to do."

So much for the way it began. Next for the brief explanation necessary to make the beginning understood. A ruined manufacturer. An extravagant son in love with a plain working girl against his father's wishes. A fire in the big east side factory, set by strikers, who by their exorbitant demands had ruined a once profitable business, and now by killing their employer and destroying his property, had most emphatically killed the goose who for them laid golden eggs. Such was the situation. In the hope to save his books, Mr. Spencer had recklessly rushed into the burning building. Five minutes later he was taken out by the firemen most horribly burned, and now death was the result. To Will, all this meant absolute ruin.

He was without another relative in the world, now that his father was gone. No more could he spend his days in the dizzy whirl of pleasure which he had followed since he left college. With Will it was work or starve. Away flew the hack in the direction of Harlem. It stopped before the door of the largest drygoods store in upper Third avenue. Will jumped out, and entering the store, hurried to the ribbon counter, over which presided Miss Ina Bright, the pretty little brunette who had captured his heart.

"Will! what brought you here?"

The greeting was not altogether pleasant. Gentlemen callers upon salesladies in Lazarus & Silberstein's big bazaar meant discharge, and Will knew it.

"I want two yards of red ribbon," he said. "I'm going right away."

Ina's face cleared. She measured off the ribbon.

"Father is dead! I must se you at the old spot as soon as you can leave here," whispered Will.

"I will be there at seven o'clock, Will," was the reply.

"All right. Good-by."

Off went Will with his two yards of ribbon. And none too soon, either, for the sharp eye of the floorwalker was already upon poor Ina.

Lazarus & Silberstein had their girls well trained. Their condition was little better than that of slaves. Evening came. Never in his short life had Will Spencer passed such a day. There was the burial of his father's poor burned body to be seen to, and a hundred other things as well, which as they do not concern our story, need not be entered into here. Eleven o'clock found him walking uneasily up and down the asphalt in East River Park. This was the old spot, but where was Ina? Ten minutes elapsed and Will saw her hurrying toward him. He joined her, and for a good hour they walked up and down the river's bank.

"I can't stay another minute, Will," said Ina at last. "See how dark it is getting. They will think at home that I am lost."

"Can't I see you home, Ina?"

"No, Will, not to-night."

"You would do it alone and not tell the police?"

"Decidedly, Will, if you dare."

"Dare! It is as much for your sake as mine, Ina."

"Think of yourself."

"My thoughts are ever on you."

"Think of our future, then. Now I must leave you. Don't follow me, Will."

But in spite of this prohibition Will did follow in the distance. He was greatly surprised when Ina, upon reaching Second avenue, turned and hurried down, instead of up, which direction she should have taken if she was going home.

"But probably she has business somewhere," thought Will, "and I'll go about mine."

He was not on Second avenue now, but by looking across a vacant space he could see the girl distinctly. He was just about to turn away, feeling a little ashamed of himself for having played the spy, when he suddenly saw a carriage come whirling up the avenue. It stopped just ahead of Ina Bright and a man jumped out under an electric light pole. Will's heart beat furiously.

"Dr. Wryson!" he murmured. "She can't know him! Heavens; but she does! And I have just told—oh, Ina! Ina! Betrayed! Betrayed!"

For Ina Bright had suffered herself to be handed into the carriage by Dr. Wryson, and was immediately whirled away. This was at a quarter past eight. At twenty-five minutes past nine Will Spencer found himself hurrying toward the east river, at the foot of a certain street far downtown—almost as far down as Grand street. It was a region of factories, lumber yards, brick yards, and, in fact, business yards of every other description. It was the scene of the fire which had ruined Mr. Spencer, also. Before the new fence, which had been hastily built around the wrecked building, Will paused. For a moment he leaned against the fence, looking up and down the street. There was a man coming toward him. Will waited until he had passed. Then it was a woman. He waited for her also. Then for a moment there was no one but Will himself upon the block. Next moment and there was no one at all.

For Will, leaping up, caught the top of the fence, and flung himself over with all the skill of a trained athlete. Five—ten—fifteen minutes of silence followed. Nobody came and nobody went. Then the rattle of wheels was heard, and presently a closed carriage whirled past the fence. It turned the corner, passed out of sight, and stopped. The shrewdest detective in New York could scarcely have suspected that the occupants of the carriage had any design upon the ruined factory whose tottering walls, all burned and blackened, rose above the fence. But when the carriage door opened, out stepped Dr. Wryson, of Bellevue. He closed the door carefully.

"Look out for her," he whispered to the driver.

"All right, boss."

"I'll be back in a minute."

"S'pose she kicks up a fuss?"

"She'll hardly do that."

"But she did do it."

"She'll not do it again. Mind your eye, driver, and there's big money in this for you."

Thus saying, Dr. Wryson hurried around the corner and disappeared from view. But the driver was curious—most people are. He turned and peered into the hack through the little window behind him.

"Be gollys an' sh's aslape!" he muttered.

Then fear seized him, and he added:

"Aslape or dead!"

Was it Ina Bright whom he saw? Was it Will Spencer's betrothed who was either asleep or dead in the hack which Dr. Wryson had just left? Many are the mysteries of the great metropolis. Dr. Wryson left one behind him and right into another. Rounding the corner he stole toward the fence surrounding the ruined factory. For a moment he paused, then did precisely what Will Spencer had done before him, leaped up and caught the top of the fence. But he went no further. Boom! Suddenly it came.

An explosion shook every building in the neighborhood for blocks around. And Dr. Wryson saw the ruined walls above him rise up and fall outward. A second later and Dr. Wryson lay upon the sidewalk, buried beneath a mass of mortar and broken bricks.

CHAPTER II.—Rex Rawdon Hears Marvelous Things.

"There he goes! There's the feller what blowed up Spencer's factory!"

So shouted a small boy on the other end of the block. It was five minutes after the explosion. A vast and mighty change had come over the scene which we have just described. Silent no longer, the street was now packed with people who had come flocking from the neighboring tenements. How a building which had burned some days before could suddenly explode now it was difficult to understand. The policeman was trying to understand, when away down at the lower end of the fence a young man suddenly jumped to the ground. He was hatless and coatless. Under his arm he held something wrapped in a newspaper. He made a dash down a certain street—stay! We will give the name; it was Lewis street—just as the small boy's shout was heard. Instantly the crowd was turned after him. It was a ticklish situation.

Caught as he was then with the small boy as a witness, it meant the station house—perhaps the Tombs. Will saw, heard and realized. He knew enough of this part of New York to under-

stand its dangers. There was no possible hope for him; some one was sure to head him off.

"Heavens! what shall I do?" breathed Will, dashing past the very hack which Dr. Wryson had left.

Little did he dream who was in it as he turned aside and sprang upon a pile of timber which lay against a fence on the opposite side of the street.

"There he is! there he is!" yelled the small boy, and the crowd surged around the corner into Lewis street.

But Will was no longer visible; he had leaped the fence and disappeared into the lumber yard behind. The crowd followed, and we shall let them fellow, since we cannot stop them if we would. Our business just now is not with them, but with Mr. Rex Rawdon, the young police detective. Attracted by the explosion while passing through a neighboring street, Detective Rawdon had joined he crowd. Still it was not his game, and he would probably have passed on but for the fact that the driver of the hack chanced to know him. The driver was getting nervous. Dr. Wryson did not return. The whole neighborhood was in an uproar. He was just debating what to do when he spied the detective.

"Mr. Rawdon! Hey, Mr. Rawdon!" he called.

"Hello! Mike Malone! You!"

"Faith an' it is, Mr. Rawdon, and mightily bothered I am."

"What about?"

"Boss, I—I'm afraid I've had a crooked fare agin, so I am."

"Ah, ha! And it's only a month since I got you out of the last scrape. What now?"

"A gal."

"In the hack?"

"Yes."

"Dead, Mike?"

"I'm afeard so."

"And the man?"

"Wint around the corner jist before all this hullabaloo began."

"Do you know him?"

"Faith an' I don't."

Rex Rawdon looked into the hack. There lay the girl with her head back against the cushions. Her eyes were closed; if she breathed Rex with all his skill could not detect it. And the young detective asked himself the same question the driver had done before him.

"Is she alive or dead?"

"He stepped in. The light was poor! he had not seen her face before, but he saw it now.

"Great heavens! It's Ina Bright!"

With a gasping cry the words escaped him.

"Drive on! Drive on! I'll atend to this!" he exclaimed.

"Where shall I drive, Mr. Rawdon?" came from the box.

"Drive to blazes. Don't bother me, Mike! Drive till I tell you to stop."

"Be gollys and he knows her," muttered Mike, as the hack rolled away.

And certainly if Rex Rawdon did not know Ina Bright his action was very peculiar. The instant the hack door was closed he began making mysterious gestures before her face.

"Ina!" he whispered softly. "Ina! Ina!"

What was he trying to do? His voice could not have been heard above the rattle of the wheels. And yet he kept it right up. Both the gestures and the calling.

"Ina! Ina! Ina!"

At last she answered. Soft, sweet and low, like a strain of far-off music, the words came. Yet the girl never opened her eyes nor raised her head.

"I hear you, Rex!"

"Ina! Ina! Ina!"

"Keep on calling, Rex. You'll get me soon."

"Ina! Ina! Ina!"

"Rex! I am here! I am yours!"

There was a touch of triumph in her tone. Yet not in the least degree had her position changed. Detective Rex Rawdon now stopped the gestures. His forehead was damp with perspiration. He looked like a person who had just passed through some severe mental strain.

"Ina, are you in perfect rapport with me?" was his whispered question.

"Yes."

The answer was louder and in tones more direct.

"Who controlled you last?"

"I cannot tell."

"Do you know him?"

"Do not ask me."

"Why?"

"You will lose me if you do."

"Can you tell me why you are here?"

"You must ask me more direct questions, Rex."

"Is it usual for a mesmerized subject to pass from under the will of one mesmerizer to that of another?"

"It is not usual."

"But it can be done?"

"You have just done it."

"Find the person who controlled you, Ina."

"It hurts me!"

"Find him!"

"There are so many people—so many bricks."

"What can you mean?"

"Direct! Ask the question direct or I cannot answer."

"What do you mean?"

"He is under the bricks. They are trying to get him out."

"Go through the bricks and find him."

"I am there."

"Do you know him?"

"No; he is a stranger to me."

"Is he dead?"

"No."

"Unconscious?"

"Yes."

"How do you know he is not dead?"

"I can see his heart. It is beating."

"How came he under the bricks?"

"They fell on him."

"Ah! It is where the explosion took place."

"That is hard. I must leave him and go over the fence."

"Do so."

"I am there. But it ain't right yet."

"What ain't right?"

"Everything is in ruins."

"Go back in time slowly."

"I am going."

"Well?"

"I see him."

"What's he doing?"
"Lighting a long fuse."
"The same man?"
"No; another."
"Can you describe him?"
"I can tell you his name. I know him—so do you."

It is impossible by description to convey any clear idea of the perfect calmness with which all these replies were uttered. The eyes never opened, the position of that sweet but death-like face never changed.

"Who is he? Speak!" demanded Rex, pressing eagerly forward.
"Will Spencer, my betrothed."
"Heavens, no!"
"It is."
"Keep up with him—don't lose him—what is he doing now?"
"Lighting the fuse—he has lighted it—he moves back—now he stoops down—now he picks up something wrapped in newspaper—now he hurries out of the cellar where he dug the hole—now——"
"Hold!"

Rex raised his hand, and she stopped instantly.

"What is concealed in the newspaper?" he asked.
"A box."
"What kind of a box?"
"A Chinese box; it is all carved."
"Can you look inside of it?"
"Yes."
"Do so."
"I am inside of the box now. Oh, how beautiful!"
"What! What do you see?"
"Gems! Diamonds! Emeralds—rubies! White stones, blue stones, green stones—stones of all colors."
"Are they real?"
"Yes."
"Are they—stay! Ina, I would know the end of this now that I may know how to act."
"You have but to order. I must obey."
"I'll follow up the details later," muttered Rex to himself. "By waiting now I may be losing precious time. Speak, Ina! Follow Will! See the end!"

There was silence for a moment. Then she spoke.

"I see a picture."
"Yes—yes!"
"It is horrible—horrible!"
"Describe it."
"Must I? Ah, I shudder!"

It was true. At that moment a chill seemed to pass over the inanimate form.

"You must."
"I see myself."
"Yourself?"
"Yes."
"Where?"
"Lying upon a raised circle on the floor."
"Yes—yes."
"Outside the circle a six-pointed star is traced—light encircles me—the floor is blazing in many spots—the six bronze urns blaze, too—the dish upon the eagle's head smokes."
"What in the world is all this?" gasped Rex.

But she went on.

"I see an old, old man. He stands over my prostrate form—he wears a gown of silk—he wears a curious cap upon his head—he reads from a book—he points with a brass wand from which shoots a fiery star—I see Will Spancer—he is kneeling beside me—with one hand he stirs the contents of the smoking dish—in the other he holds a dagger—he is about to plunge it into my heart—he——"
"Nonsense! Nonsense! This must be nonsense?" cried Rex.

But there was no answer, for at the same moment came a wild shout—a crash—and the hack turned over upon its side, throwing Detective Rex Rawdon rudely over on top of the mesmerized Ina Bright.

CHAPTER III.—Mesmerism In A Boat.

"I've got a moment to breathe, but no more!"

Thus muttered Will Spencer as he landed in the lumber yard. But he never paused. He could hear the crowd behind him as he flew along among the piles of boards with the speed of the wind. It was a splendid place to hide.

"I might dodge around here for an hour and they'd never find me," muttered Will.

But just then came startling sounds. He could hear his pursuers coming over the fence. In a moment the lumber yards would be alive with men determined to catch him at any cost. The first sound of their voices turned Will's mind. Still he ran, and the next moment came out from among the boards and saw the river just ahead.

"The very thing!" thought Will. "I can swim. I'll give 'em the slip now."

And he ran to the river.

"There he is! There he goes!" shouted voices behind him.

Will took one hasty look and jumped. It would have been all right but for the boat. At that minute it came shooting out from under the wharf. His head struck the bow and he sunk like a log, but he clutched the paper parcel desperately. He had it when he went down, and he had it when he came up. He still had it when the boys pulled him into the boat, all unconscious and dripping like a drowned rat. There were three boys in the boat. They were not street Arabs, nor yet well-dressed pleasure seekers. They saw him come—they heard the cries of his pursuers.

"Lay for him, Tirty!" whispered one. "He's de bloke."

"Sure?" breathed another.

"I tink so. Lay for him and then pull away like blazes to de next hole."

Thus it will be seen that the speech of these two boys belied their looks. The third was somewhat older. This seemed to be "Tirty." He watched and caught Will by the hair as he came up.

"He's off and don't know nothin'," whispered the first speaker. They had him in the boat in an instant, and now the paper parcel dropped from his hand unobserved. Wholly unconscious and with bleeding head, Will was rowed rapidly around the pier. Here the boat shot in under the spiles, and the boys waited in breathless silence. They heard the crowd come, and they heard them go. They heard them talking also, and

saying that the man must have drowned. It was fifteen minutes before they dared to move. Now, in less than three Will Spencer sat up in the boat. He could see nothing, but a warning hiss told him to be silent. Gradually his eyes became accustomed to the dim light, and he understood something of the situation.

"It's all right now, boys, and I'm ten thoustand times obliged to you," he breathed, when at last it seemed safe to speak.

There was no answer. How strangely they looked at him. What good-looking boys they were, take them all together. Suddenly one pulled out a small dark lantern and flashed it in the face of his older companion, the one who had been addressed as Tirty. Of course Will's eyes followed the light. Then a very singular and startling thing happened. There sat Tirty in the stern with the light full on his face. The instant Will's eyes met his they seemed to become riveted to that face. He could not remove them from it—not even when he saw the hands go up—saw Tirty lean forward and begin making quick passes before him. And yet Will knew.

"What are you trying to do? Mesmerize me?" he gasped. "Stop it! Take your blasted eyes off of me! Stop!"

But Tirty's hands continued to move like lightning before Will's face. In utter silence the others watched him. Nor did Will speak again. He gasped, twisted, turned, moved back, then forward, and then sat bolt upright and as still as death.

"Ha, ha! You got him easy, Tirty," breathed the previous speaker. "No trouble wit dat bloke. Now, den, see if he's de feller de old man wants."

"Shut up!" whispered Tirty.

A few more passes, and he spoke again.

"Where are you—where are you?" he breathed.

And Will answered Tirty in the boat precisely as Ina Bright answered Rex Rawdon in the hack.

"I am in a large room," was his slow but unhesitating reply.

"Who do you see?"

"I see an old, old man."

"Describe him."

"He is tall; he has a white beard. He wears an embroidered skull cap. He——"

"Stop!"

Will was silent.

"Ask him if you are the man," said Tirty in a moment.

"How shall I ask him?"

"Think the question, will that he shall answer."

"I have done it."

"What does he say?"

"Nothing."

"Try it again. You are new at this business. Try it now."

"Still he says nothing."

"You have tried it?"

"Yes."

"Once more?"

"Now he speaks."

"Well, what does he say?"

"He says 'Yes. That is the man, and he has the box of gems under him. Bring him to me.'"

"Good enough," muttered Tirty. "Pull, boys, pull! We've done our job easy. We must take him to the old man."

And the boat shot out from under the pier and was rowed rapidly down the stream.

CHAPTER IV.—Rex Rawdon's Strange Experience in the Bohemian Quarter of New York.

"Ina! Ina! Are you hurt, Ina?"

Detective Rex Rawdon stood beside the wrecked hack with Ina Bright supported in his arms. With immense difficulty Rex had lifted Ina from the hack. There would have been little trouble had the pretty saleslady been in her normal condition. But Ina was utterly oblivious to what was passing. Like all mesmeric sensitives, she reproduced within herself the sufferings, mental and physical, of her mesmerizer. What Rex felt Ina felt. She began to moan piteously and cry out in terror before the detective could get out—before even he could disengage himself from the wreck.

"She must be brought out of the trance," thought Rex then. "If not she will die."

"Hey! Hi there! And phwat are yez doin' to de girrul?" yelled a big, brawny coal heaver, with basket on his back and shovel in his hand, looking in at the shattered window of the ruined hack.

Meanwhile the driver was unharnessing. A crowd had collected. They pressed about the hack at the cry of the coal heaver.

"Is he killing her?"

"Is he cutting her throat?"

"Donnervetter! Does dot feller schoke de fraulein?"

Germans, Irish, Hungarians, Poles elbowed each other in the effect to see. Thus on the outside of the hack. Inside they saw Rex Rawdon kneeling, making rapid passes over Ina's forehead.

"Awake, Ina, awake, awake!" he breathed, over and over again.

He had to take his mind from his surroundings or he could never have done it. This was hard—very much so. Yet Rex did accomplish it. Ina heaved a deep sigh and raised her head at last.

"Rex! Oh, Rex, what has happened?"

"Ina! It's all right. Collect yourself. We were in great danger. Calm yourself, Ina. Trust to me."

"Come out of that, you snoozer. Come on out of that and let the girrul alone!" bawled the coal heaver.

Rex raised his head. There were a dozen faces peering down upon them. Unless something was speedily done serious trouble was at hand. Rex warded it off by the promptness of his next move.

"Out of the way there!" he cried, rising and forcing open the shattered door.

The broken glass flew in every direction. This scattered the crowd. It enabled Rex to lift Ina out. The poor girl groaned piteously. Then it was that Rex Rawdon put the question with which this chapter opens.

"No, no, Rex. Not hurt. Only weak and fainting!" she moaned.

"I must get her in somewhere," thought Rex. He looked hastily about him. The scene of the accident was Second street near its junction with

Houston, in the very heart of the densely populated Bohemian-Hungarian quarters, where the streets swarm with people day and night, and anywhere from ten to twenty families are jammed into one house. Picking out a beer saloon one or two doors from the old Methodist church, Rex raised Ina tenderly in his arms, and carried her through the crowd. They had seen his shield—he took pains to show it—and fell back before him. Rex never stopped to look at the sign, but pushed his way in. The place was in full blast and crowded, with beetle-browed beer drinkers. Behind the bar stood a most extraordinary individual. It almost took Rex's breath away to look at him, but Ina had either fainted, or dropped off into a trance again, and it was no time to halt then.

Seeing a back room behind the saloon, Rex walked straight through, pushed the door open, and placed Ina in a chair. He had not time to turn before the man whom he had seen behind the bar followed him in. Had Rex Rawdon only looked more sharply at this man, it is more than doubtful if he would ever have had the courage to pass him. It was not his size and peculiar build. Yet this was startling enough. Fancy a man fully seven feet tall and as thin almost as a "living skeleton." Such was this bartender, the expression of whose face was something absolutely fiendish, as Rex carried Ina past the crowd of drinkers whom he was serving with been. But he was all smiles, this big giant, as Rex turned upon him now.

"Vat's de madder? De gal don't yas dead?" he said, in tones of deepest sympathy.

"No, no; it was an accident. I am an officer. I want your help for a minute, neighbor," said Rex, showing his shield.

"Ah! A detective."

"Yes."

"Anything I can do I does."

"Listen!"

Rex hurriedly explained about the accident.

"This lady is my assistant. She has fainted. Bring me a drop of brandy, and call a hack," he added.

"You shall haf de prandy, but I don't vas can get not no hack about here."

"Where is the nearest livery stable?"

Avner B near Third street."

"Have you a telephone?"

"Nein."

"Is there no woman about this establishment who can help this lady while I go for a hack?"

"Nein. I don'd vas half no vomen but I vill tage goot care of her meinself, vile you go for de hack."

"Do it, then, and I will pay you well," said Rex.

The brandy was brought. A few drops were administered to Ina. It failed in its object, however. The poor girl remained in the same state.

"She must be taken out of here or she will die," thought Rex. "I don't understand her condition. Great heavens, I shall kill myself if Ina Bright was to die through this night's work."

Charging the good-natured giant not to leave her nor to admit anyone into the back room, Rex rushed into the saloon. He scarcely noticed that the place had suddenly become vacated. The outer door was locked, too, and Rex had to call upon the giant to open it.

"Go dis vay, boss," said the man, showing him the hall door. "I lock him so dose beebles no come in."

It seemed scarcely necessary. The crowd had dispersed. The wrecked hack was gone also. The first was the result of prompt action on the part of the beer giant when Rex first brought his fair burden in. As for the second, the hack driver, thinking that the girl had lost her life by the accident, lost no time himself in dragging the hack around the corner. Thus in a moment the scene outside had changed. In ten minutes precisely Rex Rawdon rode up to the door in a hack from the livery stable in Avenue B. As he leaped out, he saw to his utter amazement that the street was again packed with people. There were crowding about the saloon, talking and gesticulating. What was the matter? Rex pushed his way through to the saloon door. The door was closed, the lights out, the shades down.

"There's nobody there!" yelled a voice in the crowd.

"Old Gospoda's gone!" cried another.

"He's taken your gal with him, boss!" shouted someone else.

Rex backed up against the door and faced the crowd. Why did they look at him so? What had been told about him to this crowd? Suddenly a stone flew. Then another, and another.

"Kill him! Kill him!" yelled a voice. "He's de feller what steals gals!"

Then someone yelled "kidnapper." The stones flew thicker and thicker. Many struck the detective. In vain he shouted out that he was an officer, and protested. That made no difference with this crowd.

"Kill him! Kill him!"

The driver of the hack whipped up his horses and deserted.

"Kill him! Kill him!"

Matters were getting hot. Stones and sticks, rotten eggs, stale vegetables were coming in a perfect shower. Someone flung a dead cat, which struck the door with a thud. Rex drew his revolver. He would have used it, too, had not the door behind him suddenly opened just wide enough to admit the thrusting out of a hand. It touched Rex.

"In here! In here!" was hoarsely whispered.

Rex slid in, panting. Slam! Bang! If all the Czechs in Second street had flung themselves against the door in a body, the noise could not have been worse. But the door was barred against them. Inside all was utter darkness. Rex just caught sight of a ragged boy before the door closed.

"Boss! Boss!" the boy whispered.

"Well, well?"

"He's took her to de White Wizard's down de Bowery, No. ——, an' you want to hustle and get dere if you want to see her alive," breathed the boy.

"Ten dollars to you right now if you put me out the back door!" breathed Rex in return.

"Just what I let you in by de front door fur," mumbled the boy.

He clutched the detective's hand and dragged him through the darkness, amid a bedlam of hoots and yells and vain thumpings on the outer door.

CHAPTER V.—Tirty and His Boy Slave.

"Drop it! Drop it, blame ye! Drop it, or I'll bust ye in the jaw!"

These were the first words Will Spencer heard after yielding to the strange feelings which overcame him when the boy Tirty began making the passes before his face. Where was he? What had happened? There was the boat still. There were the boys. Two of them were fighting with a third. The third was Tirty. They were at it hard and fast.

"Slug him—slug him!"

"He ain't no better den de rest of us!"

"Paste him in de eye!"

"Let de odder snoozer have some, too!"

They were shouting as they fought, but not aloud. These exclamations came in suppressed voice. Tirty was fighting like a good one, but in silence. Will tried to rise, when all at once he "saw stars." Had he been struck by lightning? Hardly, but he had by the fists of two of the boys.

"Chuck him over! We'll keep de box."

Splash! Will was flung into the river. Then splash! Just as he sank he saw another dark form flung over the side of the boat. It was the boy Tirty. He seemed to be unconscious. He struck the water and sank like a log.

"Dat's de end of him," snarled one of the boys in the boat. "Hooray, boys! We made a haul, and no one can touch us. We won't be de slaves of de White Wizard no more."

They dropped into their places in a hurry, seized the oars and pulled rapidly in under a ramshackle old pier and vanished. Splashing! Puffing! Such were the sounds which broke the stillness a moment later on.

"Save me!"

Faintly the cry came. A human soul was perishing. A boy was struggling in the dark waters of the East river. A boy who had sunk twice and would have sunk again had not help come. It was Tirty. Tirty could row, Tirty could mesmerize. Will Spencer had seen him do both, and knew this, but when Will watched Tirty as he rose from the water he knew that Tirty could not swim. But Will could. Moreover, he swam well. Striking out boldly he caught the sinking boy by the collar and held him fast.

"Save me—save me!" gasped Tirty.

"Courage! You're saved already if you will do as I say."

"Anything! anything!"

"Keep perfectly still."

"Yes, yes."

"But you're struggling. You'll drown us both if you don't look out."

"I'll keep still. Can you do it?"

"Yes, sure!"

"You won't regret it!" gasped Tirty.

Then for a fact he did cease to struggle. Tirty had fainted. When a few moments later Will dragged him out upon the float beyond the free bath at the foot of the old shipyard he thought he had a corpse on his hands. But for all that Tirty revived. Will rubbed and rubbed, worked his lungs, and raised his arms up and down. Success crowned his efforts. It was not a dead Tirty but a live Tirty Will saw standing beside him a few minutes later on. Will by this time had grown perfectly cool. The box, the precious box for which he had risked so much, had vanished. Under the circumstances the loss would have driven some men half crazy. Will was only a boy. Yet he had no other idea than to work—work for the recovery of that which he had lost.

"You are all right now?" he demanded, as Tirty staggered to his feet.

"Yes, yes! Oh, gosh! Where are we?"

"In an old shipyard. It must be near the foot of Third street."

"Where are them fellers?"

"They pushed me overboard, and you after me, then they rowed under a pier just above here, and I haven't seen them since."

Tirty's face convulsed.

"And that box—your box?"

"They took it."

"Blame 'em! They'll ketch it for this!"

"But I've already caught it. For Heaven's sake help me to get that box back. I'll pay you well."

Tirty fixed his eyes upon Will.

"You saved my life?"

"Yes. Don't—don't look at me so!"

"I'll save yours. I'll never forget."

"Take your eyes off of me! Stop it! You are trying to mesmerize—you—stop—I—oh!"

It was done. This boy Tirty was a most powerful mesmerizer, and one well-trained at that. A few quick passes over Will's forehead, with the eyes ever fixed upon him, and no more effort was necessary. Tirty looked around warily. There was no one in sight. As Will had stated, they were in the deserted shipyards on the East Side. But Tirty knew this locality better than Will. It was not ship-builders the boy feared, but the tramps who sleep in the yards, knowing no other home.

"Look—look at me!" breathed Tirty. "Do you hear me?"

"Yes."

"You are entirely under control?"

"No; make a few more passes."

It was done.

"Are you now?"

"Yes."

"Go where my thoughts are."

"I am there."

"What do you see?"

"I see the same old man you showed me before."

"He is in the big room?"

"Yes."

"What is he doing?"

"He is talking to a very tall man—oh, a very tall man."

"What are they saying?"

"I cannot understand them. They are talking a foreign language—a language you don't understand."

"Oh, Gospoda!"

"This is his name."

"All right, young feller. Now, then, you stick close to me. Mind! I will it! Close to me."

It was wonderful to watch what followed. Tirty glided along beside the fence. Poor Will followed him just as a dog would follow. Coming to a place where big beams were piled against the fence, Tirty climbed over it. Will

climbed over it, too. Tirty dropped down on the other side. . Will dropped down, too.

"Keep beside me, now," breathed Tirty.

"Won't I make them fellers suffer for this," he muttered, hissingly.

He never looked to the right or left, nor made the slightest attempt to speak after that. With the same shuffling movement he hurried along Third street. Will kept close beside him. In the darkness few noticed their dripping clothes. Through dense crowds of women and children. Past long rows of stores, six out of every ten of which were saloons. Past ancient brick dwellings, once respectable, even stylish, but now turned into dirty tenements. On, on, ever on, until at last the broad Bowery, with its flaming lights, its braying bands, its endless streams of people, was reached. Here they were noticed even less than ever. Tirty crossed to the west side, and slunk down the street, keeping close to the curb. His eyes were never raised, but to glance now and then at Will, nor did his pace ever slacken.

In spite of his shuffling gait, Tirty covered a good deal of ground. Then they kept on until they had crossed Spring street. Tirty kept straight on down the block, but edged in nearer the buildings, until at last, beside a small drug store, with dark and dingy windows, filled so high with bottles and boxes and advertising signs that no one could possible see what was going on inside, he suddenly paused. Shooting one hasty glance at the store, he glided past the window, opened a side door and catching Will by the arm pulled him in after him. Bang went the door. But Will did not hear it. His senses were locked in the mesmeric sleep. He only heard the voice of the mysterious Tirty.

"Come on! Come on!" it seemed to say.

It had been saying the same thing for the last half hour. But to the mesmerized time is nothing. Will saw nothing, knew nothing, heard nothing but that voice forever repeating the same thing. Thus he went on—on up a flight of dark stairs. At the top of the stairs was a door. Upon this door Tirty knocked. Then he waited. Minutes passed. Then a little round panel in the door was opened and an eye was seen peering out.

"Well?" demanded a deep voice, speaking from behind the door.

"Tirty!" breathed the boy.

"All right, Tirty. Who's your friend?"

"A sucker."

"Good!"

The door opened. The door closed. Will Spencer and Tirty were on the other side.

CHAPTER VI.—The White Wizard's Strange Work.

Precisely three minutes after Will Spencer disappeared through the lower door beside the drug-store the young detective appeared on the scene. But Rex now was disguised as a seedy-looking bum. Rex pushed open the store door and perceived it was occupied by an old hag, who sat behind the counter. Rex now asked for the White Wizard. The hag responded that he was not there. But now Rex began to make passes with his hands before her face and soon had her mesmerized and under his power. He ordered her to conduct him to the White Wizard. She left her seat and went through a door into a long hall, Rex following her. Suddenly they came to another door behind which Rex heard somebody talking. Opening the door, and ordering the old woman back to the store, Rex entered the room. As he did so he saw he had entered a handsomely furnished room with a table at which sat six young men in evening dress with their wine before them, while at the head of the table was a young man in form and features the counterpart of himself (Rex). The man was talking and Rex recognized the voice was the same as his own. The mysterious double was discoursing on the mysteries of mesmerism. Then he began to make passes in general about the table—not to any one in particular. But suddenly Rex realized he had become a victim of mesmerism himself. Suddenly the double said:

"Watch it, gentlemen. Watch it!"

Then suddenly an orange tree began to rise from the center of the table. It grew fast and soon blossoms and then ripe oranges appeared.

Then the young man said:

"In another moment these oranges will turn ripe and you will eat them. Then you will know what mesmerism can bring about."

"Presto! Vanish! Now, gentlemen, you have seen me raise oranges, and you have eaten them. Now you see how easily we make them disappear."

And Rex Rawdon's double threw up his hands, moving them rapidly apart. This he did three times in quick succession. Immediately Rex was Rex again. The tree had vanished. Rex knew that he had been mesmerized; that he had been bitten at his own game. It had actually seemed as though he had partaken of the fruit of the mysterious tree, however. Not that anyone approached him. He saw the young gentlemen about the table eating oranges, and then he was eating one, too, though how it came to him he could not have told. So vivid was the recollection that now it was all over he actually looked around for the peel, but could not find it, of course.

"By Jove! he is a good one, whoever he is," thought Rex.

He realized what had been done, and from his careful study of mesmerism knew that nothing could be harder for the mesmerist to perform than to make the subject preserve the memory of the mesmeric state. This had been done with him and with the young men about the table.

"You did do it! By thunder, you did do it!" cried one.

"Nonsense! He had a tree—an actual tree!" cried another. "He's hidden it somewhere. You can't fool me!"

"Certainly he did!" still another declared.

"I'll swear it was a real orange I ate!" said a third.

"Gentlemen, you are quite mistaken!" declared Rex's double. "You saw neither tree nor orange. It was nothing but the action of my will upon yours."

Then he went into a long disquisition upon mesmerism. Rex Rawdon listened with deep attention. Learned as he had thought himself in

the mysteries of mesmerism, he soon began to understand that he knew very little in comparison with this strange man, whose face was the living image of his own. Meanwhile the wine went round freely. So interested in it all did Rex become that he found himself almost forgetting his peculiar position.

"I must get out of here," he thought. "Next thing I know I shall betray myself and then——"

"Gentlemen, I shall now prove my power," cried the double, right in the midst of his reflection.

"Behold!"

He extended both hands toward his audience. The fingers were spread wide apart. To Rex it seemed as if he could see fire darting from the tip of each finger. He knew what this meant. He realized that the man was attempting one of the most difficult feats in mesmerism—that of throwing off an extra quantity of the magnetic power and completely controlling a number of subjects at one time. Under such circumstances the subject always sees fire at the finger-ends. Strange as this may appear, it is true. These matters are but partially understood as yet. Rex understood enough to realize his danger. But it was now too late. He could not remove his gaze from those burning eyes. Yet Rex was stranger than any one of the guests.

"Sleep! Sleep! Sleep!" cried the mesmerizer, still moving his fingers, from which tongues of electric light seemed to shoot.

"Bend your heads forward upon the table, and sleep!"

One by one the heads went down. Rex saw this—he felt himself going, too. Still, for an instant he saw a panel beside the carved mantel gently glide to one side. Out through the opening stepped a most peculiar-looking individual.

A man of immense age, apparently. His hair was snowy white, his enormously long beard of the same hue, his dress was that of some oriental priest, or, perhaps, we had better say, some pretended fortune teller.

"The White Wizard at last," thought Rex, as he felt his senses going. After that they went entirely, and Rex Rawdon knew no more. His bold scheme of working in with the White Wizard, through his own mesmeric power, had fallen flat—very flat.

Even as he felt himself going, and fought against it with all the strength of his really powerful will, Rex realized only two clearly that as far as mesmerism went he was "not in it," so to speak, compared with the ruling power of this mysterious house. The next thing Rex Rawdon knew he awoke with a start. It seemed to him as though he could hear a voice ordering him to awake—a voice miles and miles away. He was still standing—perhaps this was the strangest part of it. His head was pressed against the door. Thus he had obeyed the order of this mesmerizer as far as possible.

"Bend your heads forward upon the table and sleep," had been the order.

Rex had bent his head against the door and slept, Heaven alone could tell how long.

"This is tremendous!" he murmured. "I'm no good beside these people. Horrors! How strangely I feel! They are in there still. I can hear them talking. I——"

He was but half awake now when he raised his head and looked. All had changed. The table, the guests, the double, all were gone. To the utter amazement of the detective, he now saw and realized in part the scene described by Ina Bright in the hack. There upon the floor lay Ina, deep in sleep, or possibly dead. There was the six-pointed star traced about her recumbent form. There were the six bronze urns—there was the smoking-dish with the eagle's head. There also was the White Wizard with his book and mystic rod. He was waving the rod and reading, or rather chanting in an unknown tongue. And there—oh, heaven! This was more horrible than all the rest—there was Rex himself—or his double—on his knees, his eyes fixed and staring, with a dagger clutched in his hand above the heart of the wretched girl.

Poor Rex was as one paralyzed. Every drop of blood seemed frozen in his veins. His first thought had been to rush in and rescue Ina, even at the cost of life itself. But in this he was prevented—fortunately for him, no doubt. He could not move hand nor foot. This state came upon the waving of the Wizard's wand. At the same instant the aged magician spoke, in deep, sonorous accents.

"Rawdon! Rawdon!" he called, "how goes it, my friend? Is your mind joined with her mind? Is the power doubled by my spell, as we hoped?"

It was his own voice, duplicated in every accent, that Rex heard in reply.

"It is."

"You are thoroughly in rapport with her—with me?"

"I am!"

"Hold as you are then. I will not proceed. Do not kill the girl unless I speak the word!"

CHAPTER VII.—Double Mesmerism.

"Rawdon! Rawdon! Do you hear?"

"Yes."

"I am about to question you. Does it increase the power for me to use your mind instead of using hers direct?"

"It does."

"You can see her brains?"

"Yes."

"Read her momory?"

"Yes; as easily as you can read a book."

"Very good. Make her follow my thoughts."

"I obey."

"Where is she?"

"Beside the sick bed of a dying man."

"Of what does he think?"

"This is hard."

"Why hard?"

"Hard for her to get in rapport with a man now dead."

"Can she do it?"

"She has already done it."

"Well, what does she find?"

"He is—is thinking of a place where all is ruin and wreck."

"Well?"

"There has been a fire."

"Well?"

"He owns this place. He thinks of a Chinese box which he buried beneath a certain pillar."

"Well?"

"He wishes that his son may have that box."

"Well?"

"Ha! Pictures come and go like lightning! I can scarcely follow them. Something is wrong! This is killing me. I——"

"Hold!"

"Now, all this Rex Rawdon heard as he listened. As to what he saw there had been no change in what has been already described until now. Waving his hand gently, the White Wizard flung into the burning dish a tablet of some dark substance. A thick smoke arose from the dish. It was accompanied by a delicious perfume.

"How do you feel now?" he demanded, after a moment when the smoke began to die down.

"Better. Much better."

"Go on with your pictures. I will them to come again, beginning at the point where they began to come faster than your brain could grasp them."

The command was obeyed implicitly. Rex listened to the full story of Will Spencer's doings after his father's death up to the moment when he was thrown into the river by the boys in the boat. The White Wizard, calm and undisturbed, continued to question.

"Go on! What of this boy?" was what came next.

"I do not see the boy," was the answer.

"What do you see?"

"The boat."

"Well?"

"The boys who have captured it are now throwing the other one overboard."

"You mean the one they called Tirty?"

"They call him Tirty."

"It is the same. Is he overboard?"

"Yes."

"Stick to the boat. What are they doing now?"

"They pull in under a pier. They seize the box eagerly and break it open. There are gems in the box—beautiful gems. Diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and——"

"Enough! Anything else?"

"Yes. Papers."

"Read the papers."

"I can't."

"Strange! Well, leave it. See what becomes of the box."

"I see the boys in a dingy store, which smells horribly. There are bundles on shelves—hundreds and hundreds of them. Here is——"

"Stay! Go outside. Read the sign."

"Moses Levy, Licensed Pawnbroker. That's the sign. There are three yellow balls joined together."

"Go to the street corner. Read the signs on the lamp-post."

"I am there. I can read Avenue B one way and Fifth street the other."

"Back! Back to the counter."

"I am there. These boys have pawned the box."

"For how much?"

"Five dollars. The pawnbroker tells them that the gems are glass. He offers them five dollars—they take it and go."

"Stay! Follow them! Are they my boys?"

"Yes."

"Look through their clothes—look upon their bodies—on the back—right above the hips."

"I see the place."

"Do you see both together?"

"Both together."

"Wonderful! Are there numbers tattooed upon the backs of these boys?"

"Yes. Sixteen and nine."

"It is well. Leave them. Back to the pawnbroker."

"I am there."

"What is he doing?"

"He has counted the gems, and is reading the first of the papers which he has discovered in the box."

"Can you read it now?"

"Yes. It is a will."

"Whose will?"

"Bright—somebody Bright."

"Can't you read the first name?"

"No."

"What is the other paper—can you read that?"

"No—yes! He is reading it now. It is a list of articles lost—no—buried."

"Ha! What kind of articles?"

"Gems like these—a great many."

"Does it tell where they are buried?"

"In the cellar of a big house."

"This is unsatisfactory," said the Wizard. "Follow the boys. See where they are going?"

"I obey."

"Where are you?"

"I am at Gospoda's."

"What is he doing?"

"Standing behind his bar serving customers."

"Well, advance slowly in time until you see something which will surprise you."

"Yes—yes. I— Ah! Ina Bright has come. Is this it?"

"Yes—no. Who is it that brings Ina Bright into Gospoda's?"

"It is myself."

"Yourself! Impossible!"

"You are right. It is not myself, but marvelously like me."

"Leave Ina. Get in rapport with that party."

"It is done."

"Are you there?"

"Yes."

"Where is he now? Describe the place."

"He is just outside the door peeping through the sliding panel."

Rex heard, and with a mighty effort, impelled by fear, shook off the influence. None too soon. The panel dropped. But Rex had seen the White Wizard, with a fierce imprecation, make a bound for the door. Rex stepped behind it, for now the White Wizard came bounding out.

CHAPTER VIII.—Rex Rawdon's Fearful Leap.

"No more—no more! It will kill me! Wake me up—wake me up, or I shall die!"

From the room which the White Wizard had just deserted the cry went up. Rex Rawdon, behind the door, heard it and understood. So did the White Wizard. He knew the danger. With a muttered imprecation he leaped back into the room.

"Awake—awake! Both of you awake!" Rex heard him cry.

And Rex knew then that his last and only chance of escape was with him now. Before this, during the time of his watching at the peep-hole, he had discovered that the door, although fastened on the inside, also had a bolt on the outside. Of this knowledge Rex now availed himself. He pushed the door shut and shot the bolt. Then, with all possible speed, he shot himself along the hall. He could hear the Wizard pounding on the door as he ran. Rex had a dark lantern. He whipped it out and sent his rays along the hall. There was the end right before him. A staircase leading up opened on the left, while just beyond it was a closed door connecting no doubt with the staircase up which he had come from below with the old woman. Rex tried the door. It was locked, and there seemed to be no way of opening it. The detective bounded up the stairs upon making this discovery. He continued on till he reached the top floor and tried a door before him. The door was unfastened. A light turned down low showed him that the room was a regular dormitory, and much larger than he had supposed. There were ten beds in two rows. Every one was occupied. Some of the sleepers were snoring lustily. Hanging on pegs near each bed were dress suits, etc.

Even that hasty glance was sufficient to show Rex that those were the young men he had seen drinking in the room below. He had barely time to shut the door when the furious baying of a blodhound was heard on the stairs. Rex rushed to the dormer window, and with his elbow dashed out the glass and the fastening of its flimsy sash, which fell with a terrible clatter to the sidewalk below.

"Sic him! Sic him, boy!" yelled a voice at the foot of the stairs.

Rex knew that the brute had almost gained the head of the stairs. He sprang upon the window ledge, crawled through the opening he had made, and stood poised on the rotten cornice. Turning, he saw a bloodhound as big as a calf bounding along the passage. A train was coming down the Bowery. Its headlight shed a radiant stream along the track.

"No matter! I can do it—I can do it!" murmured Rex, trying to encourage himself.

Then, hesitating no longer, he took the fatal leap down and out, while a cry of horror arose from the street below. He struck the track as he had intended to strike it—on his feet. But Rex recovered his balance—stood firm—dropped on his knees—crawled to the edge of the structure—caught it with his hands, and swung over. It was all right now. Rex dropped to the sidewalk amid the cheers of the watching crowd.

Detective Rex Rawdon hurriedly disengaged himself from the crowd and started down the Bowery.

"Stop him! He is a thief! He jumped out of a window. He has robbed me!" yelled a voice.

Rex recognized it as the voice of the White Wizard. It came from the house from which he had just escaped, but the White Wizard was not in evidence, however.

An officer now came up and took Rex by the collar.

Rex said:

"Wait, officer, I am a detective." Then he showed his Pinkerton badge.

"Well, you will have to come to the station-house with me anyhow to prove that badge belongs to you."

And with that the officer took Rex around to the station-house, where the sergeant quizzed Rex, and that individual realized he was still under the power of mesmerism, for he denied that he was a detective.

On Rex saying he had been in the house of Dr. Feliciano, the sergeant sent an officer around to the doctor's, while Rex was locked up in a cell.

CHAPTER IX.—The Tables Turned.

"Hello in there! Wake up! Someone to see you, young man!"

Thus shouted the policeman at the Elizabeth street station. He pressed his face against the bars of No. 3 and tried to make out Rex Rawdon's figure in the darkness.

"No. 3! Hello, No. 3!"

Two men stood outside the cell.

"Am I No. 3, I wonder?" thought Rex.

The answer came in the policeman's call.

"Come now! Wake up! Here's your friend!"

Rex staggered to the door.

"Be gollys, an' are dere two of yez?"

The exclamation was from the policeman. Rex was too much startled to speak. For he recognized his mysterious double, and the policeman the marvelous resemblance which existed between the two. The visitor, however, appeared not to hear.

"Officer," he said in low, peculiar tones, "be good enough to open that gate."

"Can't do it, boss. I told you that outside."

"But I want to have a talk with my brother and I can't talk through these bars."

"Can't help it. Can't be did."

"Oh, yes, it can; yes, it can; yes, it can!"

The stranger fixed his eyes upon the policeman. In that same monotonous way he kept repeating these words. The policeman stared, rubbed his eyes, put out his hand in a feeble way. Suddenly the hands of the stranger were raised. A few quick passes before the face of the policeman, and that part of the work was done.

"Officer, open that gate and retire to your own bed upstairs!" was the low, hissing command.

As meek as the proverbial lamb, the policeman produced his keys, opened the gate and walked away.

"That's the way we do it," chuckled the double, stepping in through the door.

But Rex was ready for him. He saw at a glance that this visit was a part of some wicked plot against his liberty—perhaps against his life. He never moved after that first sudden start. With his back against the wall and with eyes closed he stood there.

"How are you?"

There was no answer from Rex when his double thus spoke.

"I've come to set you free, friend, but we must act quick."

Still no answer.

"Thunder! He's under the old man's influence

yet," muttered the double, "and yet I thought from the way he came forward that he wasn't. It must have been just an accidental start."

He waited a minute looking at the face before him.

"He's very like me—very like," he muttered. "What can it mean?"

At the same instant Rex opened his eyes and fixed them full upon him. Like lightning his hands went up and he began making the usual passes. There was resistance, of course, but it did not succeed. Remove his eyes from Rex the double could not—Rex had got the start of him there. But he tried the passes—tried them feebly. It was a curious exhibition to see these two so marvelously alike wildly gesticulating at each other. But there were no spectators. In an instant it was over. Rex had won. With intense satisfaction he saw the hands go down and the eyes close.

"Do you hear me, do you hear me?" he whispered.

"Yes, I hear."

"Tell me who—tell me your name."

"Blake Rawdon."

"Ah! What are you to me?"

"I don't know—yes—wait—yes! I have it now."

"What—what?"

"Cousin."

"Are you the son of my father's brother?" he asked.

"Yes," was the immediate answer.

"Son of Matthew Rawdon?"

"No."

"Was there another brother of whom I never heard?"

"Yes."

"His name?"

"John Rawdon."

"He is your father?"

"He was my father—he is dead."

"Why was his existence concealed from me?"

"He was a criminal; his family disowned him."

"I know it; it must be so. Who sent you here?"

"Dr. Feliciano."

"He is the White Wizard of the Bowery?"

"Yes."

"His object?"

"He wishes to get rid of you. He proposes to send you to Sing Sing."

"Ah! But——"

"What's this—what's this? The orders were you should not be let in here."

Suddenly a man had appeared at the grating. It was the sergeant. Not the sergeant on duty during the night, but another. Rex stepped outside immediately, closing the grated door. It worked on a spring, and was fast when he pulled it shut. From within the cell came no sound.

"You must speak to your officer about that. I did not so understand it," said Rex, quietly.

The sergeant seemed very much annoyed.

"Look here!" he said in a whisper. "There's a limit to what a man can do for his friends. The captain won't like this."

"Don't tell him then. It will be all right."

Probably the sergeant took this last for a question—a question referring to some conversation held with Blake Rawdon before he appeared at the cell door.

"Yes, yes, it's all right. Tell Dr. Feliciano not to concern himself. This man shall go up to Sing Sing before night."

"Very good. I'll so report. Good day, sergeant."

Rex walked directly through the station and out upon Elizabeth street.

CHAPTER X.—Will In New Hands.

From the time the boy Thirty had mesmerized him in the old shipyard until now time and space had been nothing for Will.

A boy seized Will's hands and pulled him out of his bunk.

"Come, wake up! You were in my bunk. Breakfast is ready."

Will looked around. He was standing in a room filled with bunks, some of which were occupied by boys. Thirty now came up to him and handed him a suit of clothes, mostly rags.

Will made a kick. They were not his clothes.

"Put them on!" ordered Thirty. Will did so.

Then Thirty told Will not to answer any questions put to him by anyone, but pretend to be mesmerized, and then took Will to a room in which there were a lot of boys of all denominations in the midst of whom stood an old man with a rattan in his hand. The boys were evidently the old man's slaves to thievery.

Suddenly the old man shouted:

"I see sixteen and nine in bunks in the Empire Lodging House. They have robbed me. I'll have them arrested and sent to Sing Sing. Go to work, now, everybody." The boys all tumbled out of the room, all but Thirty and Will. Thirty clapped his hand on Will's shoulder and heid him down.

The White Wizard then approached Thirty and Will.

"Is this the boy?" he asked Thirty.

"Yes."

"You have him perfectly under control?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, Thirty, you want to get him arrested for pocketpicking and he'll go up for five years."

Will wondered what it all meant.

When five minutes later he and Thirty were walking along the Bowery Thirty said:

"Now look here, young feller, you saved my life and I am going to save you from the old man. Keep your shirt on and you'll get that box, too."

Suddenly Thirty fixed his eyes on Will. The boy had been caught unawares by Thirty and Will was soon under control.

Then Thirty commenced his questioning Will to find out where the box was. But just then a man darted at Thirty and caught him by the collar.

"Here, police! Police! You are the boy who stole my watch!"

Of course Thirty now dropped Will's arm and willed him to walk straight on, and Will did so.

"There he goes! That's the fellow who tried to pick my pocket! Stop him! Stop him, somebody, before he gets away!"

The old gentleman was excited. He was vociferating at the top of his lungs, and brandishing his cane violently. While peering into a bookseller's window, at Broadway and Astor Place,

he had felt a hand in his pocket. Fortunately for him the pocket contained nothing more valuable than a silk handkerchief. Of course the old gentleman faced right about in a hurry. He was just in time to see a boy go scurrying around the corner of Astor Place. Before the old gentleman could make any one comprehend what the matter was, the boy had disappeared. He dodged out of Astor Place into Lafayette Place, and from Lafayette Place into Third street. Here he stopped running and walked over to the Bowery, looking as innocent as you please. But before he had time to turn into the Bowery a boy of about his own age came hurrying around the corner. He threw up his hands at the sight of the young pick-pocket and stopped short.

"What's up?" breathed Twelve. "I thought you was trying to put de spell onto me."

"Tirty's took!"

"Who took him?"

"Blamed if I'll ever tell yer. Some bloke whose cases he'd swiped, I s'pose."

"Tell a feller about it."

"Hold up, will yer? Tirty had dat new snoozer with him."

"Hello!"

"He had put de spell on to him."

"Well, well!"

"Well, den he's walkin' up de Bowery now with it still onto him and he'll walk to Harlem less somebody stops him. I seen you, Twelve, and I cut round here to get you to help me, for I don't wanter have nothing to do with him less dere's a witness to prove to de old man I hain't a-lyin' when I make my report."

Away went the two boys on the run. They stopped running when they reached the Bowery, and continued on up the street at a rapid walk.

"Dere he is," said Six, suddenly.

He set his teeth, and a peculiar expression came over his face.

"Say, Twelve," he whispered.

"Well?"

"I heard de old man talking to the big blokes last night."

"Blame 'em, yes! Dey get all de fat and we get all de lean."

"Yair. Now you just watch me. If I can put de spell onto dat young feller, 'twon't be for nothing."

"Come on! Come on; let's get him fust."

Thus Twelve.

Looking forward he had spied Will Spencer walking on up Fourth avenue, for they had passed the Cooper Institute and were in the neighborhood of Ninth street now. Will was walking on in that same undisturbed fashion. He was wholly unconscious of his surroundings. When the boys glided on either side of him, and Twelve caught one arm and Six the other, he made a feeble effort to shake them off, but did so without speaking. Then he suffered them to lead him around into Tenth street toward Third avenue without resistance at all. He had fallen into bad hands again. Six, like Thirty, was one of the White Wizard's slaves, whom he had taught the art of mesmerizing. But Thirty was a good-natured fellow, with some conscience, while Six was a thief and a liar from instinct, with no conscience at all.

Again and again Six spoke to Will. No answer came. There was but one person who could make Will answer, and that was Thirty.

"What shall we do with him?" asked Six, anxiously, when at last they were in the Bowery again.

"Blamed if I know what you're driving at."

"There's a big lot of money for the old man in this boy."

"Well, 'tain't for us."

"'Tis if we can get it."

"You mean if you can put de spell on to dis young feller you can find out how to get it?"

"Yair. Why not?"

"Bully! Dat's great. Let's try it."

"We can't try it on the street, can we?"

"Not at all. Run him into Sheeney Mike's. He'll let us have one of the card rooms. He knows me."

It was in the days of many dives on the Bowery. Sheeney Mike's was one of the worst of its class. In less than five minutes Will Spencer was led in through the wide-open door and taken to a small room in the back.

CHAPTER XI.—A Mesmeric Sitting at Sheeney Mike's.

Now of all this Will Spencer knew absolutely nothing. But just about that time there came to him something which he remembered in after days as one indistinctly remembers a dream. It seemed to him that he could hear Thirty's voice calling from a great distance.

"Wake up! Wake up! Wake up!" was what it said.

Was this an effort on Thirty's part to set the boy free from the mesmeric spell? Be it so or be it not, certain it is that at that self-same moment Will Spencer returned to full consciousness. He was seated at a dirty table with two boys opposite to him. Will started up, staggered, and fell back into the chair with a feeble cry for help. It was done like lightning. For ten minutes Six had been trying in vain to get control of him. Now a change had come. Catching Will's eye he made those rapid passes as the White Wizard had shown him. Then all vanished from Will's consciousness once more—his mind was a blank.

"Done! By ginger, I've put de spell onto him at last!" breathed Six.

"Young feller! Young feller!" he whispered.

"Well?"

For the first time Will answered him.

"Do you hear me?"

"I hear."

"Can you tell what I am thinking about?"

"You want to know where those buried jewels are."

"Right! Right! See if de old man knows?"

"He does."

"Hooray! Say, where is it, young feller?"

"I see the bay—it is away down near Fort Hamilton. I see ships—I see trees and rocks!"

"Can't you get any nearer dan that?"

"Wait! I am reading the old man' mind! I see a house! I go in!"

"Hold on! Where is de house?"

"Owl's Head."

"What's dat?"

"That's what the sign says."

"Go on. Go into de house."

"I am in. I go into the cellar. I see that this is the place the old man is thinking about. The jewels are buried here. I see him digging in one corner of the cellar. There is a trunk buried here. I can see it through the ground."

"Oh, come off, dat's too much!" sneered Twelve.

Quick as lightning Six took him a left-hander across the mouth.

"Dry up now or I'll paste you in the eye, too!" he hissed.

"No, don't," said a voice above them. "Keep still dat racket, or you'll lose your grip. Go on mit dot funny peezness und find owit vere dem jewels is hid. Ha, ha, ha!"

Six gave a gasping cry. Of course his eyes were instantly turned upward; so were Twelve's. To his horror the boys beheld the ugly countenance of Sheeny Mike, looking down at them over the partition which divided this room from the one beyond.

"What do you want?" demanded Six, sulkily.

"Only my share, my tear! Only my share!" sneered the Jew. "You can't work dis funny peezness of de Vite Vizard's in mein saloon, mitout ledding me into it—oh, no, my tear! Not much! Go on now! Go ride on mit de show!"

CHAPTER XII.—Bargain and Sale.

Shortly before seven o'clock in the evening of the day on which had occurred the events of the preceding chapter, a gentleman came limping slowly down the Bowery, on the west side. He looked to be a badly damaged individual. His left arm was in a sling, his right had a bandage about three fingers. The left foot was tied up, and an old slipper put on over the bandages. As for his face, what with sticking plaster and iodine stains on the skin, it was a sight to behold. This man had alighted from a cab which stopped a little above Spring street. Pulling his hat down over his eyes as much as possible, he limped along down the Bowery, leaning heavily upon a cane, entirely regardless of the glances thrown at him now and again by the curious persons in the crowd which went surging by. Now, of course, he could not go far down the Bowery below Spring street without coming opposite Dr. Feliciano's little drug store. This, in fact, proved to be his destination. He opened the door and walked in. The old woman was in the chair behind the counter as usual. She appeared to be none the worse for her mesmeric experiences with Rex Rawdon, but sat there calmly stitching away upon some garment as though there were no such things in existence as White Wizard and boy slaves.

"Good evening," said the wreck.

The woman nodded.

"Is Dr. Feliciano in?"

She nodded again. She did not look at him as she had nodded at Rex, but kept her eyes bent downward as though afraid to meet his gaze.

"Can I see him?"

"Vat's de name?"

"Tell him Dr. Wryson of Bellevue Hospital desires to speak with him."

The woman arose and toddled to the end of the counter. Here she pulled a bell and returned to her seat. In a moment the bell call was answered by the White Wizard in person. He was dressed in a ruffled shirt, flowered silk gown laced in at the waist by crimson cords, with patent leather slippers bright and shiny upon his feet. This peculiar costume, taken together with the flowing hair and beard, gave him a most striking appearance. Any one could see that Dr. Feliciano was born to be a leader among men; but alas! his leadership was for anything but good. He started back, clasping his hands theatrically at sight of Dr. Wryson.

"Ah, my dear friend!" he cried, "what has happened? You look as though you had gone through the wars."

"Worse, doctor—worse."

"How worse?"

"I have had a taste of my own medicine."

"Ah! so? You speak true. What can be worse for the doctor? So you come to the old man for what? Speak, my dear friend, it shall be done."

"To see you alone a few moments, doctor."

"Certainly! certainly! this way."

And the White Wizard left the store with Dr. Wryson hobbling after him. It was the room where the dinner party had been held, and Rex Rawdon saw the orange tree grow out of the table that he led him.

"Are we alone?" asked Wryson, when the door was closed.

"Certainly, my dear friend, certainly."

"All right, then. One can never be sure with you."

"With one of my old pupils, doctor! You, whom I taught to mesmerize——"

"Yes, and a precious snarl it has got me into."

"So?"

"No matter. Listen! We must act."

"Very good."

"I followed out your instructions to the letter. I waylaid the girl, Ina Bright, and captured her.

"Through mesmerism I learned that all you told me was quite correct. Old Spencer, in spite of his apparent liberality, was a miser—a monomaniac miser, as one might say, his mania running to the hoarding of gems."

"Wrong!" said the Wizard, shortly. "You found out nothing of the sort."

"Oh, but I did."

"You mistake. You jump at conclusions. Because Mr. Spencer buried a box of gems in the cellar of his factory——"

"Ha! you know that?" cried Wryson, starting.

"But it is useless to hope to conceal such things from a man of your power," he added. "Go on!"

"Because that is so, does that make him a miser or a monomaniac? That was done with reason."

"No matter. I know; you do not."

"Well, it is but part of the whole. I know your story, Dr. Wryson. You need not tell it."

"Well?"

"You tried to recover the box of gems. There was an explosion. Spencer fixed all that. Dynamite was under the pier near that box. It was so fixed that if any one took the box from its

hiding-place without being posted the dynamite would explode."

"But I was posted. I wormed it all out of Mr. Spencer the night he died."

"So was the son who dug up the box."

"The son?"

"Yes."

"What the mischief?"

"Be quiet. It was he who got the papers stolen by you from the dying father. You gave him one—a worthless one. You thought you had lost the other. So you did. You dropped it at his feet. He found it. It was he who dug up the box and he did it so carelessly that the explosion came and you were buried in the ruins. So my dear I have told you all you came to tell me, but that is not all I could tell if I chose! Oh, no, no!"

With deeply disgusted countenance, Dr. Wryson dropped back in his chair striking his clenched fist upon the table.

"It is no use, you get the better of a fellow every time," he declared. "Well, I own up, I meant to keep quiet about the box, but I captured the girl, Ina Bright, for you as agreed upon, and——"

"And lost her by your own greed in trying to get the box."

"Well, I don't deny it. It is no use."

"Then why are you here?"

"To carry out our bargain, doctor, if it is not too late."

"Where is the lady? You signed that paper for me; you were to marry the girl, but to marry there must be two. The groom is here. Where is the bride?"

"Alas! I do not know."

"So you are helpless again! Without me what can you do? Nothing. But fix it. You get your wife and we divide the estate to which she is entitled upon the day of her marriage."

Dr. Wryson's face lit up.

"You know where she is?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In this house. In a room on the floor above."

"Ah, doctor! You are a sly one."

"I attend to business, my friend. This is a matter of bargain and sale. I sell you the girl for half of her estate. So! It is done. Come, you shall see her now."

He arose, and flinging open the door, was about to step out, when a young man sauntered past through the hall. The Wizard drew back. His heavy brows knitted.

"Ah, Blake!" he exclaimed, "where have you been? I have waited all day for you. This is the first time I have found you lagging. What does it mean?"

"I attended to your business, doctor. After that I had some of my own to attend to. I have just come in."

"You speak strangely. What is the matter with you?"

"A slight hoarseness, that's all."

"Well, well! You saw the prisoner?"

"Yes."

"And the result?"

"I easily mastered him. What he knows amounts to nothing."

"Ten thousand fiends, what do I care for that! He is in my way. He must be removed."

"That is arranged."

"How?"

"He will go to Sing Sing at once. Indeed, I presume he has already gone?"

"You are sure?"

"Sargent sent that message to you, doctor."

"Enough. Remain here; I want to talk to you when I have finished my business with this gentleman."

Thus saying the White Wizard led the way upstairs. Dr. Wryson limped after him. The White Wizard knocked at the door of one of the rooms on the upper floor.

"I have had to keep her a prisoner," he whispered. "She has made me trouble. I— Why does she not answer?"

He knocked again and louder; he struck the door with considerable force and it suddenly flew in. A cry of rage from the Wiztrd told Dr. Wryson that this was unexpected.

"Gone!" he shouted. "Gone! What trickery is this? What does it mean?"

The room was vacant. Things were tumbled about. There was every evidence of a hasty flight. What sent Dr. Wryson to the window? What prompted him to look out of it, down upon the Bowery? Who can tell? But this is certain, the instant he looked out of the window he uttered a startled cry.

"There she is!"

The White Wizard bounded to the window, pushed him aside and thrust his head out. A hack was just coming out from under the elevated railroad in front of the house.

"Treachery!" roared the wizard. "Black treachery! Blake Rawdon has betrayed me!"

The electric light in front of the tailor's next door shone full upon the retreating vehicle. It showed the Wizard and Dr. Wryson two figures inside. One was the man who had met them in the hall below. The other was Ina Bright.

CHAPTER XIII.—Will's Remarkable Rescue.

The beginning of this chapter finds Will Spencer in a mesmeric sleep on board a sailboat booming down the bay with Sheeny Mike and Six as his custodians, also Twelve. A thunder storm suddenly struck them and the boat heeled under the blast and suddenly went over, dumping Will out into the water still in his mesmeric sleep.

Poor Will! Had he chance for life? Or was he to be launched into the land of shadows without even knowing what had occurred? Now, without a doubt, Will owed his life that night to the White Wizard, equally with his misfortunes.

"Will them to awake! Even if you don't see them, will it with all your might, and it is done."

This was one of the Wizard'spoints of instruction. By the mesmeric power imparted to his boy slaves, many an unwary youngster was robbed.

"But never let them stay mesmerized," he would always impress upon them. "Will them to awake."

Will awoke just as he touched the water. Far, far in the distance he seemed to hear the voice of Six calling:

"Wake up! Wake up! Wake up!"

He heard it with the infernal or mesmeric ear as plainly as one could have heard it with the external or natural ear. Will awoke. Awoke to find herself drowning. And with the awakening came the instinctive desire for life which belongs to us all. He knew he was in danger—he struggled to save himself. He was on the surface in an instant. How he came there—what had happened he did not know, but he struck out just the same. Now, as we have shown before, Will was a good swimmer. But of course that could not help him long in a case like this. Moments passed. The storm increased in fury. Horror unspeakable had seized Will Spencer. His strength was leaving him, when all at once voices came whirling toward him on the wind.

"A little to the left, Mr. Blake!" some one shouted.

"Aye, aye! To the left it is."

'Straight ahead now she says!"

"Aye, aye! Straight ahead."

"Bear to de right! To de right."

"Does she see him?"

"She says yes! She says be careful not to pass him. By gosh, I shall jump overboard if dat young feller is drowned troo me."

It was the voice—the voice which had awakened him. Was he mad? Was it all a dream? Of course, owing to the singular circumstances of his situation, Will knew nothing whatever of the boy Six. But there were surely people near him. He thought he could hear the flapping of a sail and he raised his voice in one mighty cry for help.

"Hooray! Dere he is, it's all true, by gosh!"

Such was the cry. Will shouted again. Now he saw the boat. She was coming directly for him. It was as pretty a little yacht as one could ask to see. There was a man in the stern sheets and a boy leaning over the rail.

"Here! Here! Here I am!" Will shouted.

"Now den, Mr. Blake!" bawled the boy, and the yacht went about rounding in such a way as to bring Will within reach of the rope which was flung to him. It was splendidly done! Will climbed aboard like a monkey.

"Dat's de very feller!" cried the boy. "What'd I tell yer?"

"Well, my boy, you've had a narrow escape," said the man, bringing the yacht once more into the wind.

But Will never answered. He was staring at a recumbent form, half sitting, half lying upon the seat, apparently asleep. It was the girl he had hoped to marry before all this whirl of misfortune came upon him. It was Ina Bright.

CHAPTER XIV.—At the Owl's Head.

"Awake!"

Boy slave No. 6 made the upward passes necessary to awaken a subject from the mesmeric sleep.

"Dere she is, Mr. Blake, all right."

And Ina Bright opened her eyes with a weary sigh. A sigh which was changed to a glad cry of joy when they rested upon a young man sitting beside her.

"Will!"

"Ina!"

Rex Rawdon looked the other way, and pulled Six down into the stern sheets. The thunderstorm had passed. The clouds were sweeping over the Bay Ridge hills toward Coney Island. The wind was blowing a gale. The little yacht was flying down the bay in great shape, guided by Rex's expert hand, for this yacht was Rex Rawdon's own private property, and in it he took the highest pride.

"Say, Mr. Blake, is dat his gal?" whispered Six.

"Yes; but look here, young man, who do you take me for?"

Six stared.

"Why, hain't you Mr. Blake, de boss of de dudes?"

"No," replied Rex, quietly. "I am not Mr. Blake, the boss of the dudes."

"Say, what yer givin' us? Don't I know you?"

"When I pulled you out of the water, and you thought you were drowning, you called me Mr. Blake and begged me to save your life. I saved it, but I am not Mr. Blake. I never saw you before I brought this boat alongside of you in answer to your cry for help."

Such is the story of Six's rescue told in a few words.

"By golly! If you hain't Mr. Blake den you're his twin brother."

"You mean by Mr. Blake the man who lives with the White Wizard of the Bowery?"

"Of course! I knowed you was him."

"But I tell you I ain't!" persisted Rex, yet he could not make Six believe it.

Just then Ina spoke and called his attention away.

"Mr. Rawdon, this is Will Spencer," she said, simply. "Will, this is my old friend, Rex Rawdon. We have been acquainted since we were little children. You have often heard me speak of him, you know."

Rex extended his hand. Will shook it languidly. He was not very enthusiastic over Rex Rawdon. He did not understand the situation yet, and there was a great big feeling of jealousy within him, growing bigger every minute.

"You have saved my life, sir, and I am very much obliged to you," he said, coolly. "I—I don't understand it all. Why are we here? Where are we going? I——"

"Hold on!" said Rex. "You are all mixed up, Mr. Spencer, is it not so?"

"Mixed up! I should say so!"

"And I am the only person who can straighten you out. Six!"

"Wot?"

"Tell him."

"But if you ain't Mr. Blake de ole man will kill me."

"I'm not Mr. Blake, but I am de officer. Boy, it will be a bad business with you if you don't do just as I say."

Then Six mumbled out his story. After that Rex quietly related something of his own—told what had happened to Ina—told how he had walked into the White Wizard's den and taken her out under that individual's very nose, so to speak. For at the moment Dr. Wryson and the Wizard met Rex in the hall Ina was there crouch-

ing in the shadows within three feet of them, with the hack standing ready at the door to take her away. He even went into Will's private business and told of the stolen jewels and all the rest of it. Will listened in speechless amazement. He had formed a very different opinion of Rex Rawdon before the detective ceased to speak.

"Can this all be true?" he muttered. "Is it possible by mesmerism to do such things as these?"

"You ought to know by this time. Mesmerism has saved your life to-night, my friend."

"But how—how did you know I was in the water?"

"Six—this boy here—knew you were in danger from that drunken Hebrew scoundrel, Sheeney Mike. It was he who thought of it. You see, he has been trained to this. Ina and I have made a study of these things. She allowed Six to mesmerize her, while I attended to the boat, in order that we might learn how it fared with you. To our horror, we found that you were overboard, that the yacht had upset, that you were struggling in the water close to us, and—but you know the rest."

"But where are we going?" Will demanded, as Rex suddenly headed inshore.

"Right here, at the Owl's Head."

"Is this the Owl's Head?"

"It is."

"You propose to act upon the information you tell me you have received through mesmerism about these buried jewels?"

"I do."

"Let me understand it. Who lives in this house?"

"That I will explain later."

"You know?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Same way. This is my yacht. Before all this excitement I had Ina mesmerized. I think I have learned enough to straighten all this mystery out to your complete satisfaction if you will only obey me and keep cool."

"Yes, do, Will. Do, for my sake—for both our sakes," pleaded Ina. "You may trust Mr. Rawdon fully. He's a true man and has been a brother to me all my life."

"There! There! None of that!" laughed Rex, as he ran the yacht up against a little pier, and leaped out to make her fast.

They could see but little of the shore on which they had landed, save a high bank rising back of the pier, so steep that ascent seemed next to impossible. But the bay lay behind them, and the lights on Staten Island twinkled beyond that. Rex swept his eyes over the water.

"I don't see anything of your boat, Six," he remarked.

"Naw," Six muttered. "She must have gone down. Blame good job for me I got off of her!"

"Which being the case comes the question, what are we to do with you?" demanded Rex.

"Why?"

"If we leave you here you'll run away with the yacht."

"No, I won't neider. I ain't one of de dudes."

"What do you mean by the dudes?"

"Why, de ole man keeps two kinds, he does."

"Of boy slaves?"

"If youse call 'em dat—yair."

"Well?"

"I'm one kind."

"And the other?"

"Well, boss, it seems so strange, you don't know when you look so like Mr. Blake, de oders is de dudes. Dey dresses in swell togs and joins de rowing clubs and de athletic clubs, an' every kind of clubs, but dey gets dere all de same."

"In other words, the old man trains you boy thieves for every department of the business, and it's all done by mesmerism, eh?"

"Yep!"

"Was there ever such a scoundrel," murmured Ina. "Oh, Will, to think if I had remained in his clutches."

"But you didn't," said Rex, "and we have no more time to waste talking it over. Come Six, I can't leave you here. Get out, all hands."

They were all on the little pier a moment later, and the yacht was made fast. Rex then led the way up a flight of rickety steps which brought them to a country road running along the top of the bluff. Across the road, almost behind out of sight amid tall trees stood an ancient Dutch mansion. It looked dark and deserted. A great tree blown over by some recent gale had fallen against the sloping roof, tearing a great gaping hole through the shingles. In fact, the whole appearance of the house was that of ruin and decay.

"This is certainly the place you described, Ina," said Rex, as they entered the gate. "How do you like your estate?"

"Mine, Rex?"

"Yes, yours, Ina! I have not told you all. But come! Here is our friend Will green with jealousy. He'll learn before I get through that I am his friend as well as yours. Come! We are going in."

They had reached the door by this time. Rex seized the old-fashioned latch and shook it.

"Locked!" he exclaimed. "But that don't matter."

Producing a bunch of queer-looking keys, Rex tried them in rapid succession. In a moment the door flew back.

"Walk in, ladies and gentlemen!" he cried, cheerfully.

Will, Ina, and the boy Six stepped in. The detective closed the door, leaving them in the darkness of the blackest night.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Rex. "Don't move. I'll soon fix this."

But before he had time to fix anything, even to speak another word, there was a terrific crash. Plaster came tumbling about their ears, bricks rattled down the roof, glass smashed, and the old house seemed to tremble to the very foundation stones.

"For heaven's sake, what's this?"

It was Will Spencer who spoke. He thought the house was falling.

And so did Rex, who then opened the door and rushed out, followed by all hands.

But it was only a tree that had been blown down against the house. They again passed into the house and down to the cellar. Here Ina allowed herself to be put into a mesmeric sleep and during the questioning which followed revealed the spot where the treasure was hidden in one

corner of the cellar covered over by dirt. Rex now came forward with two shovels, and put one in Will's hand, keeping the other himself. Then the digging commenced.

After quite a hole was dug Will's shovel struck something which gave back a hollow sound.

"Hooray! Here it is!" he cried.

Soon an oddly shaped chest came to view. At the same time they heard a vehicle drive into the yard, and soon footsteps were heard on the floor above. Then a loud crash came and the house came tumbling in on them.

"Heavens! We've escaped!"

"A close shave, though!"

"The closest I've had in many a year, Blake! But how is it with those we believe to be in the cellar? Are they alive or dead?"

It was the White Wizard of the Bowery who put this question to his first lieutenant.

"I suppose we can find out how it fares with them in the usual way," remarked Blake. "By heavens! I don't care so much about the share you have promised me of the contents of the treasure trunk as I do of having my revenge on that precious cousin of mine. Blast him! He turned the tables on me completely. I'd be on my way to Sing Sing, boss, only for you."

"Hush! Hush!" breathed the Wizard. "First of all we must know if anyone is coming down upon us on account of all that clatter. Sing Sing! Never for you, Blake. Ever since I picked up out from among my boys, and made you their instructor in the art of mesmerism, to which my life has been devoted, I have regarded you more in the light of a son than anything else. Was it not you who got on to the fact that John Spencer, who for years occupied this house alone, was my old shipmate, Jack Bright, on the privateer, Don Ruy, years and years ago? That it was he who assisted me in sacking that old temple in the island of Java? Ha, ha! That was a great strike! I spent my share of the plunder, and for years played the grand prince in every capital in Europe. Jack hoarded his! Buried it in the ground, and for what? Only that through mesmerism I should get hold of it after his death, as I mean to do, and don't you forget it, boy."

The White Wizard spoke in a low whisper, but he was watching and listening as he spoke.

No one came.

"On second thought we'd better get around in front of the house, for they may work out and we miss them," declared the Wizard.

They returned to the front.

Placing themselves under the small portion of the ruined piazza remaining the pair went at their strange work.

For the White Wizard to mesmerize Blake Rawdon was but the work of a moment—he had done it hundreds of times before; ever since he took Blake, a ragged waif from the street, under his protection, and began training him in his rascally occupation, he had been doing it.

"Go into the cellar. Tell me if they are alive or dead," was the first question he put to his willing subject, and the answer was prompt to come:

"Alive!"

"Tell me who is present."

"Rex Rawdon, young Will Spencer, his cousin Ina Bright, and one of our boys—Six."

"Have they unearthed the chest?"

"Yes."

"Had its contents been disturbed?"

"Only as you know; by Edward Bright, Will's father."

"Ah, you are correct, as usual. You call these Spencers by their true names. What are they doing? What is their plan?"

"Rex Rawdon has mesmerized Ina. He is seeking by this means to find a way of escape from the cellar."

"Will he succeed?"

"Yes. There is a secret passage leading from the cellar under the bluff to the pier; he will find it."

"By whom was the passage constructed?"

"By John Spencer, whose true name was Jack Bright."

"Will they attempt to remove the chest?"

"Not to-night. They will take only what they can carry. Rex Rawdon means to come again."

"Awake!"

Blake Rawdon opened his eyes.

"Well, well! Did I tell anything definite?" he asked, eagerly.

"So definite, my dear boy, that now I know precisely what to do."

"What?"

"Follow me! Stay, you have your revolver?"

"Yes."

"That cousin of yours—you don't love him?"

"Love him! I hate him!"

And the White Wizard led the way out of the garden, across the road, and down the bluff to the little pier.

CHAPTER XV.—The Escape by the Secret Way.

"You are fully under control?"

"Yes."

"Ascend to the floor above. Tell me if there is any one up there; and if so, who."

It was the Detective Rex Rawdon at his mesmeric word again. Our friends were crowded into one corner of the cellar—the corner in which lay the buried treasure chest. Behind them was a mass of beams, boards, and bricks, which was simply impenetrable. That they had escaped with their lives was a wonder. But they were here all safe and sound. Ina was seated upon an old box, with Rex bending over her. Will was on one side, and Six on the other. The chest with its glittering contents lay in the hole at their feet.

"Are you on the floor above?" repeated Rex, for there had been no reply.

"Yes. There is no one here. All is ruin."

"Ah! Go outside."

"There are two men here on the piazza."

"Who are they?"

"One is the man you call the White Wizard—the other is yourself."

"So! What are they doing?"

"They are going now."

"Ah, good! Let them go. Back to the cellar."

"I am here."

"Take this wall, then, go all around it, and tell me if it is solid—if there is no way out."

"I am going."

"Where are you now?"

"On the other side under the rubbish in the stone."

"Solid?"

"Yes."

"Advance—advance!"

"Ah! Here it is! It is hollow here."

"Where are you now?"

"Right behind the hole."

"Well, where does it lead to?"

"I am following it. I am at the end now. Here is a door. I am through—I am in a little building; there is a boat here."

"Go on."

"I am out. I am on the pier. Oh, oh! how high the waves are, but our boat stands it."

"Back, back! Find the way by which we can get into this passage."

"I am back. The stones are cut all around—not cut, no. They are set in a box, the box is the door. It is faced with stones on both sides. Why don't you open this door?"

"Is it so easy?"

"Why, there is the bolt; it is fast to that iron ring right by your hand. Pull the ring and the bolt will come out. Then you can open the door."

Little did Rex dream that his double on the piazza above was at that very moment imparting this precious discovery to the White Wizard of the Bowery. For Rex's thoughts now fled to other things! He seized the ring and pulled it.

"Ha, it never fails! Never fails!" he breathed, as a long narrow strip in what any one might have taken for a solid stone wall opened like a door.

"Awake, Ina," he cried. "We go now! Fly around, Spencer, get together all we can carry of the treasures of the chest. We'll be off in a jiffy, and by means of this great discovery we shall be able to remove the chest itself as soon as we can put Ina in a place of safety, without any one ever dreaming what we are about."

CHAPTER XVI.—Saved by the Boy Slaves.

"All ready?"

"All ready."

Rex spoke; Will answered.

They were all standing at the entrance to the secret passage now. Rex, Will, and Ina each carried their little load of gems. Poor Six had been left out in the cold, of course, and very glum he looked over it, too.

"Stop!" cried Ina. "Before we start—for we cannot know what dangers lie before us—there is one thing which must be explained."

"What's the matter, Ina?" laughed Rex.

"Will," cried the girl, "shake hands with Rex or I'll never marry you in the world—so there!"

Will drew back. Rex only laughed.

"Jealous, eh?" he said.

"Do it, Will!" cried Ina, stamping her little foot.

"But——"

"Listen, Will. I am, as you know, an orphan, but I am the child of your father's brother——"

"What!" gasped Will.

"Don't interrupt. Not John Spencer—whose real name, by the way, was Bright, as is yours—but still another brother of whom you seem never to have heard, James Bright. Therefore I am your own cousin, and——"

"Ina, you amaze me!"

"Don't interrupt, sir! Who brought me up? Who took me from the asylum and cared for me? It was Rex's mother. You really know nothing about me, and I did not care to tell you, but you must shake hands with Rex, for he has ever been a brother to me."

"Which I'll now do most cheerfully!" cried Will, seizing the detective's hand and giving it a hearty shake. "But how did you learn all this? I can't quite believe it yet."

"Through mesmerism, which I want you to understand can be worked for good as well as for evil. I——"

"No more now!" cried Rex. "Time enough for these explanations after we have seen you safe out of this, Ina. Come, friends, let us go!"

And Rex leading, they started into the secret passage without further delay. In a moment they were in the boat-house, for there had been no trouble whatever in opening the secret door at the end of the passage, as the lock was fully exposed on the inside. He was about to open the boat-house door when Will held him back.

"We had better leave Ina here until we are sure it's all safe, hadn't we, Mr. Rawdon?" he asked.

"Rex! Rex! Call him Rex!" cried Ina, imperiously. "No, Will, I won't stay here."

"But you must, for it's a good idea," said Rex, "and Six shall stay with you. It would be but a sorry ending to see you fall into the hands of the White Wizard after all our pains."

"I'll stay!" said Six.

"And Ina must. Come on, Will!"

Rex opened the door. They could see no one. There was the yacht rising and falling by the pier, but unharmed. They hurried down the pier, and Rex leaped aboard. Crack!

"Great heavens, I'm shot!" groaned Rex, falling flat on the deck.

Rex shot! Then who was this? There was his very counterpart, with cocked revolver aimed at Will. There was the White Wizard of the Bowery behind him. Suddenly they had risen up from some concealment to confront them. Again Blake Rawdon fired. But he missed Will.

"Stop—stop!" cried the Wizard. "This won't do. We'll have the whole neighborhood after us. Come on, Blake! We'll fix him! Come on!"

He leaped upon the pier, followed by his tool, and made a rush at Will, who stood as one paralyzed.

"Hooray! Down wid de old Wizard! Kill him!"

Suddenly the cry from a dozen throats rang out upon the stillness of the night.

"Will! Will!" shrieked Ina, bursting out of the boat-house, followed by Six, alarmed by the shots and Rex's cry.

The White Wizard fell back, but Blake Rawdon sprang upon the pier. It was not Six alone, but a round dozen of the boy slaves who rushed at them now. They came tumbling up over the other side of the pier like so many young monkeys. Thirty led them. The rest were all strangers to Will.

"Give it to him! Give it to the ole snoozer,

fellers," cried Thirty, who carried something wrapped in a newspaper under his arm. "We won't be slaves no longer! Give it to him! Give it to Blake. Lay 'em both out!"

Then the stones flew.

"Don't let him escape, Will!" called Rex's voice from the deck of the yacht.

But it was too late! Almost before Will could recover from his astonishment the White Wizard went flying up the steps closely pursued by the boy slaves, whom Six had joined. But Blake Rawdon went down first fire, struck in the head by a heavy stone. Rex came scrambling upon the pier with his left arm dangling, and slipped the handcuffs on the man.

"On board with him!" he cried. "Let these mad rascals do their work. We want to get out of this before we are all arrested and tumbled head over heels into a new mess."

Will flew to his assistance. Together they tumbled Blake Rawdon into the yacht, and Ina was helped aboard just as Thirty came running back down the steps.

"Dey've got him! Lord help him!" he cried. "Here, Spencer, here's dat box. I hooked it out of de old man's desk afore we made de break."

And Thirty threw the package upon the deck of the yacht just as she was moving away. Rex hoisted sail and stood away from the pier, using his one arm as well as another would two.

"Look! The neighborhood is aroused at last!" he cried, pointing to the road along which several men were running in the direction of the old house.

"There comes three more from the other side! See, they've got a big bulldog with them!" cried Ina.

"Thank Heaven we are safe!" breathed Will.

All stories must have an end, be their interest what it may. Our story ended right here, so far as anything of an exciting nature was concerned. For the storm died out, and Rex ran the yacht straight for New York. No one in Bay Ridge ever knew who those were in that little craft, and much speculation was indulged in by the papers on the subject next day. For the boy slaves escaped their pursuers and the dogs alike. Not one of them were captured. The mystery surrounded the finding of the body of an old, white-bearded man, lying face downward upon the shore road. It was the White Wizard of the Bowery—dead! His identity as Dr. Feliciano was discovered, but that he was ever known as the "White Wizard of the Bowery" is now for the first time disclosed. For Rex kept quiet, and the boy slaves, dudes and all, were scattered to the four winds of Heaven. More than that—and wisely, too, we think—Rex set his cousin, Blake Rawdon, free when they reached the city, on condition that he would leave New York at once. Thirty had made a grand gift to Will in the box he had promised to obtain and flung at his feet upon the deck of the yacht, thus keeping his word.

Mesmerism told Thirty what was the Wizard's errand to Bay Ridge that night, and he raised his crowd, all resolved on revenge, and followed down by boat. All this Will knew later, for, of course, he saw Thirty after all had quieted down. But not until the last of the gems were removed from the treasure trunk. Rex and Will accomplished that quietly next night, going down in the yacht and carrying the gems out by the secret way, for Rex's wound was but a slight affair, and did not interfere with his plans at all. They were not interfered with, and the day after they delivered the entire find into the hands of the executor of John Spencer (Bright), together with the will of that eccentric individual, found in the Chinese box which had been so strangely placed in our hero's hands.

This brought matters to a focus: prevented excitement, and saved the treasure from falling into the hands of the creditors of Edward Spencer, as it otherwise might have done. Six months later all was settled. But alas! The great treasure had shrunk into a very little one then. For to the surprise of everybody, when the gems came to be shown to an expert, he simply laughed at them and pronounced them false. But this proved to be jumping at conclusions the other way. Scattered through the mass were many real gems. Those sold by the executor realized the snug sum of $30,000, however Will paid his father's debts, and had $10,000 left. But there was more than this. Although Ina was positively proved to be our hero's cousin, Will married her. Ina got the real estate devised by the will of their eccentric relative. This amounted to over $100,000, so they were rich, after all. So much for so much. Let us add that Mr. Sheeney Mike and his companions in the overturned boat were rescued by a passing tug. That Dr. Wryson vanished from New York as soon as he got wind of what was going on. That in due time Will rebuilt the factory and continued his father's business under the old firm name. Rex is his partner. "Thirty" is his head salesman, and has proved to be the most efficient in his line. None of our friends ever practice mesmerism now. The boy slaves are scattered to the four winds, as we remarked, never again to be gathered together by the mysterious arts of the White Wizard of the Bowery.

Next week's issue will contain "HARRY DARE; or, A NEW YORK BOY IN THE NAVY."

RADIATOR'S STEAM KEEPS BOY'S TOY ENGINE GOING

The inventive genius of Henry Subbubs came to his assistance again the other day. Henry's small boy had been confined to the house with a cold, and many were the means and ruses employed to keep him content. When a kindly neighbor gave the youngster a small stationary steam engine, Henry rejoiced no less than the child. But by the next noon he had changed his mind.

Fire for the small engine was provided by an alcohol burner, which, as the child kept the engine constantly running, necessitated Henry's rising often to keep the flame replenished. Eventually his idea took birth.

Unscrewing the valve of his sizzling house radiator he connected by means of a small rubber tube the engine to the escaping steam. Results were satisfactory, and Henry was left to read his paper in peace.

CURRENT NEWS

FISHING FOR COINS

While most New Yorkers are well acquainted with the spectacle of persons fishing through the sidewalk subway gratings for lost coins, only a few have come in contact with the devotees of the new profession of coin retrieving, who make a precarious living underground watching for such coins as may drop through the gratings.

The best location is found under the gratings near a news or candy stand, where there is a continual flood of coins from purchaser to proprietor. Not a few of them are dropped and find their way to the platforms below.

GIVE $400,000 BONUS

Employees of the Alexander Smith & Sons Carpet Company's mills in Yonkers, numbering about 6,000, are to receive a semi-annual bonus which will involve the distribution of around $400,000.

It will be the twenty-fourth semi-annual bonus given by the company and will bring the total the company has distributed under the bonus reward system to approximately $4,400,0000 in twelve years. Under the bonus plan, inaugurated by Alexander Smith Cochran, principal owner of the works, employees receive from five to fifteen per cent. of their wages earned for the previous six months, the percentage depending altogether upon the number of years an employee has worked for the firm.

ROBBERS RUN PIPE LINE

Digging a tunnel 150 feet long and three feet wide from the cellar of a house to the warehouse of the Stewart Distilling Company's plant in Highlandtown, a suburb of Baltimore, a band of liquor robbers, with the aid of a rubber hose as a "pipe line" and a suction pump, siphoned more than 100 barrels of whisky. The robbery was discovered when the police, acting on a tip from an unknown source, forced an entrance into a house on South street. The liquor was valued at upward of $245,000.

The digging of the tunnel, according to the police, must have occupied at least a month and was supervised by a person of engineering skill, as the walls and ceiling of the passage were properly lined with timber to prevent a cave-in. The robbers cut a hole through a thick stone foundation to gain entrance to the warehouse. The hole was not more than ten inches wide and only a small man could have gained admittance to tap the barrels.

Entrance to the plant was made at a far corner where a number of barrels were piled. For the last two weeks near-by residents have seen two automobile trucks call at the house nightly and depart soon afterward. One of the men active in the operations around the house walked with a limp as though he had a wooden leg.

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The Vanishing Of Val Vane

— Or, —

THE TROUBLES OF A BOY MILLIONAIRE

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"Have I got to call you Jack? I'm afraid I shall forget and give myself away."

"S'pose you make it John?"

"Well! Do you live at Mr. Dubey's?"

"I'm going to live wherever you live, Val. Isn't that right? Aren't we bosom friends?"

"I hope I shall be able to play my part right," sighed Jack.

"It's to be hoped so; but don't begin by calling it a part. Try to forget yourself. I know it's hard, but when a fellow has got the cinch you have fallen heir to anything ought to go. I only wish it was me."

"You know all about it, then?"

"I know nothing," replied John, dropping his voice, and looking around; "that is, nothing beyond the fact that you are not really Val Vane any more than I am Jack Torrence, and that's the last word I want to say or hear about the matter—see?"

"I wish I did see."

"Don't be a fool. Ralph Dubey is boss here. To disobey him means death. Fine country 'round here, isn't it?"

John could talk fast enough if he chose, and he rattled on about all sorts of things, Jack doing his best to keep up his end, but finding it hard work.

They passed the detectives' outpost unchallenged, although they saw several armed men. Running on, John ran the car into the road leading up to the homestead.

"Here we are!" he exclaimed, as he shut off the power. Home at last."

"I thought we were going to Mr. Dubey's house across the creek," said Jack.

"Hereafter Mr. Dubey proposes to live here, Val," answered John, with a light laugh. "Jump out. I'll run the car around to our homemade garage, in other words the barn."

Jack lost no time in obeying, thinking that this would give him a chance to have a private word with Ellen, but before there was time to think twice out through the door came a woman who was certainly the last person on earth he either expected or desired to see.

It was Mrs. Wheeler!

"Well, so you have got back, boys!" he exclaimed. "Welcome home. Which of you is Mr. Vane? I deeply regret not to have been here to receive you on your arrival. I am Mrs. Longworth."

She looked Jack straight in the eyes as she gave out this speech.

"This is Val Vane. I am Jack Torrence," replied John, and then Jack had to shake hands with the woman. It was all he could do to keep his own hands off her throat, the sight of her stirred him up so.

"I'll run the car around to the barn and be right back, Val," said John.

"Come right in, Mr. Vane," added Mrs. Longworth. "I am sorry that my niece, Miss Raeder, who usually resides with me, is away just at present. I should have liked to have you meet her."

"It would have been a pleasure, I'm sure," replied Jack, bracing up to his part.

"What a nerve she's got," he thought. "Oh, what a mess all this is. What on earth does it mean for poor Val?"

"I hope everything has been made comfortable for you in my absence, Mr. Vane," the woman rattled on. "The old couple who received you were not my regular servants. I gave them leave of absence while I was away in Baltimore, but they have now returned."

Surprise was followed upon surprise.

Uncle Ike and his wife had vanished. A corps of six colored servants had taken their places.

Mrs. Longworth, as we shall now call this woman, kept on talking until John came in, when she insisted upon Jack going into the parlor, where she showed him the portraits and talked of his grandfathers and grandmothers.

Jack humored her and fell into the spirit of it all, for there seemed no other way.

But when he tried to get away by himself he discovered what John's presence really meant, for the fellow followed him up to his room and it was the same during the remainder of the day. He was not allowed to be alone for an instant.

Against this Jack vigorously protested, but he was informed that those were "orders," and that until contrary ones were given he need expect nothing else.

And such was the situation during the next three days.

Every attention was bestowed on Jack, but John was on the job every instant. Even at night he seemed to sleep with one eye open and poor Jack could not turn over in bed that he did not rouse up and say something.

Each morning they went to the mine office by Mrs. Longworth's orders, where Jack was introduced to Mr. Melrose, the vice-president, a sleepy old proposition who called him "Mr. Vane" and made much of him. The various clerks and foremen took off their hats to him. Everybody accepted the boy as Val Vane.

Meanwhile not a hint came Jack's way as to the real Val nor as to Ellen, whose vanishing was to him quite as mysterious, nor was anything learned as to Ralph Dubey's whereabouts or when he was likely to return.

More and more anxious, more and more restive under it all Jack became until by the end of the third day he found himself ready for any desperate deed.

(To be continued.)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

TYPEWRITER WEIGHS OUNCE

A typewriter weighing one once and fitting in a vest pocket was brought by Dr. H. E. Wetherell, of Philadelphia, to the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Cambridge, Mass. He devised it for his own use.

Held between the fingers and upon the paper, the machine writes by means of a wheel equipped with rubber letters which special devices bring in contact with the paper. Dr. Wetherell said that operation of the typewriter was slow in the hands of a beginner, but that an expert writer could attain a speed of seventeen words a minute. It is almost noiseless.

FINDS TWO BIG PEARLS

Albert Franks, proprietor of an oyster house at No. 2544 East Cleveland street, Philadelphia, Pa., may have fallen into a fortune. He found a pure black pearl the size of a pigeon's egg and an hour later found a pure white pearl of almost the same size in another oyster.

This is the first time Franks has ever found a pearl, although for many years he has been in the oyster business. His father, Francis Franks, was in the oyster and restaurant business at East Allegheny avenue and Emerald street for fifty years, and in all his experience found only one pearl, which did not compare in size or beauty with the two found by his son recently.

The elder Franks has studied pearls, and says the two found by his son are among the finest he has seen. The Franks will take them to a jeweller to have them appraised.

END 300-YEAR GOLD HUNT

A search which began more than 300 years ago for the "Lost Mine of New Mexico," which is said to contain $5,000,000 worth of gold bullion and for which countless thousands have spent fruitless years in a vain effort to locate may yet culminate in two Wichita men claiming the treasure.

Dr. Claude C. Baker and Fred Maryot, a French Canadian, believe they have discovered the hidden riches sincerely enough that within a few days they will start for Zuni, N. M., to join others there and unearth what they believe to be a mine of gold.

Maryot for years was a member of the United States Geographical Survey and spent two years exploring New Mexico with that organization. After the survey was completed Maryot, who had no especial reason for returning, remained in the country to continue the fascinating game of studying and exploring out-of-the-way places.

VESSELS GONE OVER NIAGARA

There have been three instances of sending vessels over Niagara Falls. The first was in 1827. Some men got an old ship—the Michigan—which had been used on Lake Erie, and which had been pronounced unseaworthy. For mere wantonness, they put aboard a bear, a fox, a buffalo, a dog and some geese, and then sent it over the cataract. The bear jumped from the vessel before it reached the rapids, swam toward the shore and was rescued by some humane persons. The geese went over the Falls and came to the shore below alive, and were sold at high prices to visitors at the Falls. The dog, fox and buffalo were not heard of or seen again. Another condemned vessel—the Detroit—that had belonged to Commodore Perry's victorious fleet, was started over the cataract in the winter of 1841, but grounded about midway in the rapids, and lay there until knocked to pieces by the ice. A somewhat more picturesque instance was the sending over the Canada side of a ship on fire. This occurred in 1837, and the vessel was the Caroline, taken from the insurgents in the Canadian rebellion. Captain McNabb, an officer of the Canada militia, ordered that the vessel be set on fire and then cut loose from its moorings. All in flames, it went glaring and hissing down the rapids and over the precipice, and smothered its ruddy blaze in the boiling chasm below. Of course, there was no one on board the vessel.

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The Bear Hunters

By PAUL BRADDON

Crack! Crack! the report of two rifles ran out in the wild woods along the upper Missouri.

The moon was still in the sky above Bear's Paw Mountain in the north. But the night luminary would soon sink behind the range, and then the night promised to become quite gloomy.

Jack Benton and Dan Cook, the hunters and trappers attached to Fort Benton, had been out just four days, hunting and trapping along the river, and they had been fairly successful. The two veterans of the northwest were on their way back to a little camp they had made in the dense thicket near the river, where they hoped the redskins would not discover them, when the two shots sounded simultaneously nearby.

"Injuns!"

In the same breath almost Jack and Dan uttered the exclamation. They knew the Sioux were on the warpath, and discovery by the savages they were well aware meant almost certain death.

As by a common impulse the two trappers dropped down in a thicket they were traversing.

They presently heard a chorus of wild yells at no great distance. The intonations of those Indians' voices were full of triumph.

The two trappers looked at each other and grasped their rifles determinedly.

"Let's scout up toward the reds. You know our boat, all fitted up with the big pine torches for night deer-stalking on the river, lays in the sedges not far up the stream near our hidden camp, and maybe we kin make the boat all right if we should have to run a race for our lives with the reds," said Jack.

"Come along, then."

Dan Cook crept in the direction whence the yells of the Indians had sounded, trailing his long rifle behind him, and his companion came after him.

Ere long they came to an opening in the woods, and then, peering through the bushes, they beheld a thrilling sight.

A score of painted Sioux warriors were dancing about a white man, who lay bound hand and foot on the ground.

And Jack instantly recognized him.

"Father Felix, the old French trader, and the father of Mura, my promised bride!" uttered the trapper.

At that instant the old trader began to speak in French, which language the trappers both understood. But they saw the Sioux did not comprehend a word of their prisoner's hasty utterance.

"Heavens! To die thus is horrible, for I can tell no one where I secreted Mura, when the Indians began to chase us. She can never move away the great rock which I made fall from above into the opening she crept into. I hoped thus to hide her safely, and I was sure I could escape alone. Alas! my poor horse was shot under me, and now I can never go back to release Mura, or send any one to do so."

Every word of this was heard by Jack Benton and his comrade.

"You hear that, Dan? Mura is shut up in a living grave, from which she cannot escape without help. Her father alone knows the secret. We must learn it. I will learn it and save Mura or lose my scalp."

Jack whispered this determination in the ear of Dan Cook.

The latter grasped his hand.

"I'm with you to the death on that, Jack," said the brave fellow.

"Thanks, pard. I felt—I knew I could rely on you. But how foolhardy it was for Father Felix to attempt to make the journey from Hawley—where he and his daughter have been on a visit—to Fort Benton alone."

"It must be the news of the Sioux outbreak had not reached the lower settlement when they left it."

"Yes, that must be it."

"We have got to draw the Indians, or at least the most of them, away from the prisoner. You go around the camp. Then open fire from a cover. They will go for you, I take it. Then I'll rush in and make a try to get off with Father Felix."

"Good! I like the plan. I'll meet you on the river near our boat, on this side. In the craft—if we live to reach it—we can cross the stream to our camp."

"Yes."

Dan crept away the next moment, and making a wide detour, he approached the Sioux encampment from the opposite side, as Jack had directed.

Dan Cook looked to his repeating rifle, and assured himself it was in order for immediate use.

Then, in a state of intense suspense, he waited to hear the report of Dan Cook's unerring rifle.

And he had not long to wait.

Suddenly the sharp, whip-like crack of the trapper's trusty rifle pealed forth above the yells of the exultant savages, who were still dancing about their captive.

With a terrible death-yell one of the painted demons bounded high into the air and then fell heavily to the earth.

The ensuing moment all but two of the Sioux were dashing pell-mell in the direction of Dan Cook's cover.

Jack waited a moment longer.

Then he threw himself flat on the ground and began to move his way through the grass in the direction of the white captive and his guards.

Soon the brave trapper was close beside the two redskins, and they had not as yet detected him.

Suddenly Jack leaped upon the nearest Indian and drove his hunting knife in his breast.

The savage fell dead.

The other leaped at Father Felix, swinging his hatchet to crush the old trader's skull.

But, with the bound of a panther, Jack sprang upon the redskin. His clubbed rifle descended upon his feathered head, and he fell all in a heap.

As Jack hastily cut the cords with which Father Felix was bound, the yells of the Indians whom Dan had led away from the camp rang out.

Jack knew, from the proximity of the sounds, that at least a part of the force which had gone in pursuit of Dan was now returning.

"Quick, Father Felix!" cried Jack, as he assisted the old man to his feet. "We have got to run for our lives now!"

He picked up the loaded rifle, which one of the dead Indians had dropped, and handed it to the old trader.

Then they ran rapidly into the woods.

There was no time to talk, and he hung the old man along as best he could in silence, Jack made straight for the river.

He reached the bank with the rescued man.

But the yells of the Indians sounded close in the rear, and in a moment Dan Cook came in sight, under the moonlight, on the bank, with the band of Sioux in full cry behind him.

Dan made a spurt, and overtook Jack and Father Felix.

The redskins were momentarily distanced. But they presently came close. The Sioux gained upon the fugitives despite their best efforts.

At last, however, the trappers, with the rescued man, reached their boat.

"Quick! Leap in, Father Felix, while we push the boat off!" cried Jack.

The old man obeyed. In a moment the boat was afloat with all three in it. Jack and Dan seized the oars and pulled away.

In a moment, to their horror, they saw the Indians but a little way down the stream, pulling hidden canoes out from underneath the drooping willows at the water's edge.

With yells of triumph, they sent the little canoe through the water after the whites.

The trappers pulled at the oars like giants.

Father Felix sat in the stern and watched the Indians.

At that moment a shot from the foremost one of the canoes flew over the heads of the men in the boat.

And, almost at the same juncture, the great pine torches, lashed upright in the bow, whose resinous wood had held a smolding fire all day, burst into flame under the fanning of the stiff breeze, which blew across the river.

There came a crush against the boat as the light flashed upon the water. A great black object was precipitated half way over the side. The boat made a frightful lurch and threatened to capsize.

With a wild scream, Father Felix pitched headlong into the river and disappeared under the dark waters.

"A bear! a bear!" cried Jack, as the dark object slipped off the side of the boat.

Both the trappers saw the largest black bear they had ever seen swimming after the boat as they pushed on, while Father Felix was not seen to rise, and the Indians were so close the trappers did not dare to pause for an instant.

"Lost! Father Felix is lost and with him the secret of Mura's hiding-place!" cried poor Jack, in heart-broken tones.

But presently the great black bear was close astern. Suddenly he made a leap and threw himself half way into the boat, carry the stern under water.

Jack sprang to his feet, and, swinging his rifle above his head, brought the stock down upon the nose of the fierce animal with tremendous force.

With a howl, bruin let go his hold on the boat and dropped astern. The trappers shot the boat forward more swiftly than ever then, and they gained the bank a little ahead of the Indians and dashed into the timber.

"If we make for out hidden camp now the Indians will trail us there," said Dan.

"Yes. Let's make a detour, and go down stream. We may yet throw the Indians off, for in a few moments the moon will be out of sight behind Bear Mountain," replied Jack.

Swiftly and silently the two trappers descended the river bank.

Much exhausted, they resolved to go into camp where they were. Undisturbed, they passed the night in a thicket.

When morning dawned they were astir, and they set out for their hidden camp, up stream.

All at once a startled cry emanated from the lips of Jack, as a strange-looking figure emerged from behind a tree. The next moment he recognized the odd-looking personage.

"Father Felix and alive!" shouted Jack, wild with joy.

The old Frenchman was covered from head to foot with mud, and his clothing was in tatters. No wonder the trappers did not know him at first.

"Oh, friends! This meeting is one of joy. I swam under water. I made the shore. Through the briers and brambles I crept, and I lay hidden in the mud until the Indians were far away. And now to save my little Mura," hastily said Father Felix.

"Can you lead us to the hiding-place?" asked Jack.

"I can, of that I am sure; for I marked well in my mind the landmarks about the little cave in the rocks."

"Come on, then."

Father Felix led the way up stream. The bear hunters found the boat, where it had drifted against a bar, near the shore.

The secured it, all entered, and they crossed the stream. Then Father Felix, still acting as guide, led them to a range of rocky hills.

At a certain point he paused before a great rock, which had evidently recently fallen from above the place where it now lay.

"This is the place! Mura! Mura!" called the old trader.

A sweet, girlish voice sounded from beyond the rock, saying:

"Father, I am here!"

"Mura! We have come to release and save you!" shouted Jack, joyfully.

Then the three men put their shoulders against the great rock and pushed with a will. Neither one of them alone could have moved it, but their united efforts availed.

The stone was removed from the entrance of the cave, and Mura sprang out to be caught in the arms of her father.

But a moment later she was in the fond embrace of the promised husband.

The bear hunters and Father Felix and his daughter made their way in safety to the fort.

That summer there was a wedding there, and Jack and Mura became man and wife.

Of course brave Dan Cook was best man.

Employer—My boy, I've had my nose to the grindstone for over forty years! Office Boy—My word, sir, it must have been a daisy at the start.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

CONVICTS NEED NO GUARDS

After acting as pallbearers for the late Warden Mordecai S. Plummer, in Marlboro, Md., six prisoners returned to the New Castle County Workhouse unguarded. The men were George Lucas, Charles Barcus, Jasper Stubbs, Alfred Roach, Samuel Emery and John Price.

The men made the trip to and from Wilmington, Del., without guard. On arrival here they entered an automobile and were driven back to the institution without incident. This is the first instance on record, as far as known, where prisoners of any similar institution have been allowed such liberty. They are serving terms of from one year to life imprisonment.

UPHOLDS WHISKY MAKING

"I'll make whisky and go to the penitentiary before I'll accept one cent of charity," W. P. Record, on trial for alleged violation of the Volstead act, told Judge William H. Atwell when the latter showed him a telegram from his father in Indiana in which the father said he would give $1,000 a year to his son if he would "promise to stop trying to make a living by the manufacture of liquor."

"It's the only way I have of making a living, and, besides, I think it is a respectable business," Record reiterated.

When offered his choice between a $1,000 fine and a six months' jail sentence, Record chose the latter. He appeared in court clad in a bathrode and swathed in bandages. He was injured recently when a still which he is alleged to have been operating exploded.

AMERICA AND ASIA WERE JOINED

The long argued question whether Asia and North America were once connected may be solved, circumstantially at least, by the discovery in Central Mongolia of the skull of a dwarf dinosaur, less than one-tenth the size of primitive monsters which millions of years ago inhabited swamps in Western North America.

It was found embedded, along with its skeleton, in a red shale formation by the Third Asiatic Exposition of the American Museum of Natural History. At the museum it was said an important stride had been made toward a solution by a paleontological examination of this skull.

A description of the skull was sent in despatches from Mongolia. It is fossilized, about eight inches long, and, while having no horns, its long, bony crest is of substantially the same construction as the skull of a large dinosaur. Its jaws and teeth also are similar.

Its age is estimated at not less than 5,000,000 years. Several scientists, including the panteologists. Osborn and Matthew, have insisted the American fauna in the latter part of the cretaceous or closing epoch of the age of reptiles contained many immigrants from Asia. So they thought Asia and North America must have been joined at one time.

It was said that further discoveries in the Asiatic fossil beds may clinch the theory.

LAUGHS

"I give you my word, the next person who interrupts the proceedings," said the judge sternly, "will be expelled from the court-room and ordered home. "Hooray!" cried the prisoner. Then the judge pondered.

An American took an Englishman to a theatre. An actor in the farce, about to die, exclaimed: "Please, dear wife, don't bury me in Yonkers!" The Englishman turned to his friend and said: "I say, old chap, what are yonkers?"

"How like its father it is!" said the nurse, on the occasion of the christening of a baby whose father was more than seventy years of age, and who had married a young wife. "Very like," said a satirical lady; "bald, and not a tooth in its head."

Sylvester—Say, Blake, if Santa Claus gave me three apples and you two pears, and told us to put them all together and then divide the lot equally amongst you and me and little sister Lucille, how many would we all get? Blake—That's easy. You and sis would get left.

"What kind of a clock do you call that, landlord?" asked a visitor, comparing his with the mantel timekeeper in a country hotel. "That? Oh, that's one o' them eight-day fellers," replied the landlord; "every eight days you have to take it around to get fixed, yer know."

In the private ward of a hospital there was recently a testy old millionaire whose case gave his physician considerable difficulty at first. "Well," asked the crusty patient one morning, "how do you find me this morning." "You're getting on fine," responded the doctor, rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction. "Your legs are still swollen; but that doesn't trouble me." "Of course it doesn't!" howled the old man. "And let me tell you this: If your legs were swollen it wouldn't trouble me, either!"

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

LOST ISLAND IS FOUND

News of the discovery of an English survey ship of a lost island in the far South Pacific, whose several hundred natives are ruled by a white woman, was brought to San Francisco, Feb. 7, by Miss Ella Brown, buyer for an Australian firm, who arrived on the liner Somana.

A Mrs. Zahel, widow of an Australian, went to the island, which is called Bardoo, years ago in the hope that missionary work would asuage grief over the loss of her husband, and now she is recognized as the high priestess and supreme ruler of the island.

The only other white inhabitant of the island, according to Miss Brown, who is en route to New York, London and Paris, are H. Banfield, an English author, his wife and an Irish servant.

TO PRINT NEWSPAPER ON CEDAR SHINGLES

The second edition of the famous shingle newspaper published in Castle Rock, Wash., a few years ago is scheduled to appear soon. A special edition of 50,000 copies of the Cowlitz County *Advocate* printed on red-cedar shingles was issued as a protest against the prevailing and advancing prices of print paper. Now the shingle newspaper will be sent broadcast to call attention to the legislation against the use of this material for roofing. Thirty States have passed laws affecting the continued use of shingles as roofing and other laws are proposed to limit their use in other ways, chiefly because of their destructibility by fire.

This town is in the centre of the extensive shingle industry of the Northwest and the adverse laws will ultimately cause industrial depression widespread over a large area. The old table press is being overhauled to withstand another run of cedar shingles through its rollers.

GRAVE WILL BE OPENED IN SEARCH FOR JEWELS

The grave of James Jones, formerly a United States navy seaman, which for weeks has been guarded by soldiers in the National Cemetery in Cypress Hills, Brooklyn, N. Y., will be opened within the next few days, William Williams, special agent of the Treasury Department said, although army and treasury officials are not sanguine that they will find the $4,000,0000 royal Russian jewels which it is alleged to contain.

All sorts of "tips" have come to him, Mr. Williams said, regarding the jewels reported to be buried there. Recently an anonymous letter arrived from a woman in the Bronx which told a harrowing tale of three murders, a long chase, mysterious agents of criminals, and ended with the positive assertion that a New York society woman is now wearing the actual jewels. The letter failed to disclose any details, but the oversight, the writer said, was caused by her desire to get $25,000 for the information.

"She will not get the $25,000," commented Mr. Williams, "but we are already trying to locate her and will check up the story she tells. Personally I believe that the story of the two seamen who stole the jewels and hid them in the coffin of a sailor who died at sea is largely true, although I do not actually expect to find the jewels in Jones's coffin.

"I am awaiting an order to open the grave from the Brooklyn Army Base within the next few days. When we do open it there will be no publicity of any sort and no one will be permitted to watch us."

ROMANCE OF AN APPLE

Probably the only monument ever erected to a tree stands in a field in Madison County, Iowa, where it tells all who may read the romance of the "Delicious" apple, which was born in Iowa, and is now known and grown in every quarter of the globe where the apple flourishes.

This unique monument was dedicated last Summer to the parent Delicious apple tree, which is still standing and bearing after a life of fifty years. Its offspring, in trees distributed and planted, number more than 7,500,000. Fully a third of these baby trees, it is estimated, have survived and grown to producing age. The same authorities estimate that the annual crop of apples from these trees brings in the markets fully $12,000,000.

The story of the Delicious apple tree is a pomological romance. In the early '50s a new settler in Iowa, Jessie Hiatt, planted an orchard. In the Spring of 1872 he found that a Bellflower seedling in the orchard had died, but from the root had sprung a tiny shoot, which showed an unusual ruggedness, and began to climb upward with surprising rapidity. A few years later the tree reached the producing point, and by early Autumn was covered with big red apples of an aroma and flavor such as the owner had never found in another orchard. It was a new apple altogether.

For fifteen years after bearing its first crop the new tree bore annually and increasingly before its discoverer found a way of making it known beyond his neighborhood. During these fifteen years he tried to interest various nurseries in his tree, but without success. Finally he sent samples of the apples to a fruit show in Missouri. The manager of the show, who was a practical nurseryman, was attracted by the appearance and aroma of the apples. He bit into one, and immediately exclaimed, "Delicious!" Thus was born the name of the new fruit.

He looked to see who had sent in the exhibit, but the tag had become lost in the shuffle, and there was no way of identifying the exhibitor. There was nothing to do but wait, in the hope that the unknown exhibitor would send apples the next year. And he did. This time the manager unpacked the exhibit himself, and discovered from whom the "Delicious" apples had come. The result was a contract with the owner of the tree giving the nurseryman the right to propogate and market scions from the tree. A scion, horticulturally, is a slip or cutting from a twig or shoot of a tree for grafting or planting.

GOOD READING

130,000 TURKISH TROOPS FACE 39,0000 BRITISH

Turkey has 130,000 troops in the Near East, while the British armed forces there total only about 39,000, including 12,300 Indian and native troops, according to United States Government information.

Soviet Russia has about 120,0000 men in the Caucasus, which could be quickly moved to the support of the Turks in event of war between Turkey and Russia on one side and Great Britain on the other.

The British fleet in the Near East comprises ten battleships, ten light cruisers and four large destroyer flotillas, besides auxiliaries. The Americans have in those waters the flagship Vicksburg and twenty-two destroyers.

HOTELS USE PEWTER SPOONS

A custom recently put into practice by one of New York's largest hotels is a singular reflection upon the honesty of the so-called human race. Diners are served throughout the chief courses with the finest of silverware, but with their demi-tasse they are given a cheap pewter spoon that bears not even the name of the hostelry.

This indignity is not inflicted upon the casual diner or upon the guest who makes his residence there, but let there be any public function or banquet held at that hotel and the guests who have been sitting through the dinner in anticipation of the little silver souvenir demi-tasse spoon to take home to the wife and kiddies as evidence that they really did attend a business banquet are doomed to disappointment.

It has been found by experienced hotel men, is the explanation, that wheras all the rest of the tableware is safe in almost any kind of a gathering, a demi-tasse spoon is never safe from souvenir hunters. The man who would shudder at the thought that he might sometime, entirely by accident, avoid paying his subway fare, often regards the hotel's demi-tasse spoons as his legitimate property.

"MOVIES" FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSE

That motion picture films will be extensively used as a medium of education in the public schools of Sweden is now assured. The Superior Board of Education has been won over to the idea and in conjunction with the National Bureau of Motion Pictures it has issued instructions to make the plan operative.

From now on Swedish children will learn their geography lessons from the screen by which they will also be informed concerning the customs, industries, etc., of the principal countries of the world. Films will be used in teaching natural science and in giving instruction in the technique of various trades. Physics can well be taught through slow motion pictures and as stenographic projection becomes more perfect solid geometry can be taught in a way not otherwise possible.

The Board of Education plans a systematic inauguration of the new scheme. Thus one of the first steps is to give regular instruction to young teachers in the proper care and handling of projecting machines and other film apparatus.

In certain cases films will be purchased and will become the property of the schools. Other films will be rented and sent on tour from one school to the next. All Government institutions and industries will be specially filmed for the purpose of instruction.

Instruction by motion pictures in the regular curriculum of the public schools under competent teachers is taken here to mean a safeguarding of the children's education and a correction of the misinformation and erroneous impressions now so often obtained from the commercial films of the public theatres.

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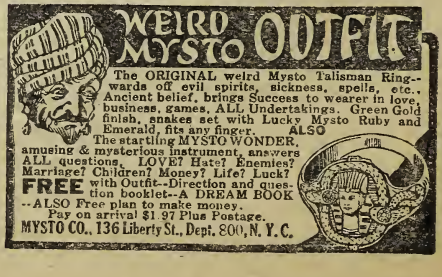

CRIMINALS TELL ALL IN "TWILIGHT SLEEP"

Criminals can be forced to tell the truth while under the influence of scopolamine anaesthesia or, as it is better known, "twilight sleep," according to Dr. E. E. House, Ferris, Tex., who has asked indorsement of the Medical Association of the Southwest for a proposed experiment on a thousand prisoners in the Leavenworth, Kan., Penitentiary to demonstrate his theory.

Dr. House has been experimenting with the anaesthetic five years, he told members of the association, and declared he had tried the "twilight sleep" method of securing evidence on a number of alleged criminals and others in his own State, and "had never failed in any attempt to rob the mind of its stored truths."

The anaesthetic does not produce a voluble condition, he said, but at its most potent stage questions can be propounded and, "without failure as yet, answers have been forthcoming."

"If the 'twilight anaesthesia' were properly recognized and used for the purpose suggested," Dr. House continued in his address, "many injustices would become impossible."

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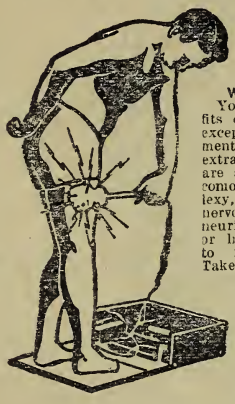

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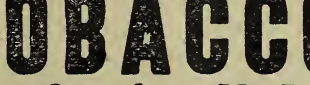

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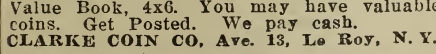

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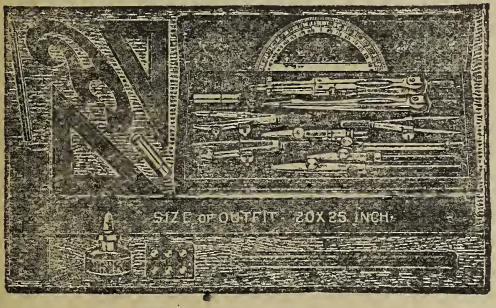

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